



The Grail

FEBRUARY, 1930

To God Alone

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

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THE MEDAL of SAINT BENEDICT

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A COMPACT

ALL PERSONS THAT WEAR THE
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PRAY FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE
BENEDICTINE ORDER SHALL SHARE
IN ALL THE GOOD WORKS PER-
FORMED IN THE ORDER.

THE TERMS

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2. Pray for the extension of the Benedictine Order.

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2. Secondly, through the obedient performance of any worthy work that the times and circumstances demand.

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The advantages are great. In return for your faithful wearing of the Medal of Saint Benedict and the prayer for the extension of his Order, you share in all the good works performed by the Sons and Daughters of Saint Benedict. At the present time there are about 33,000 Benedictines in the world.

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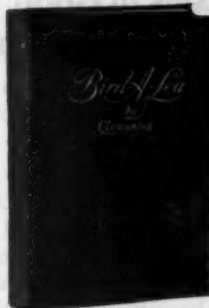
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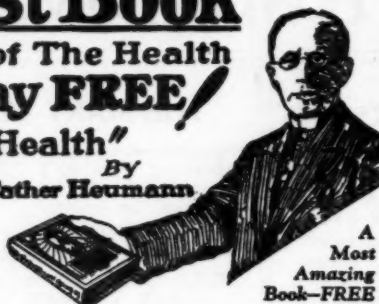
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REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

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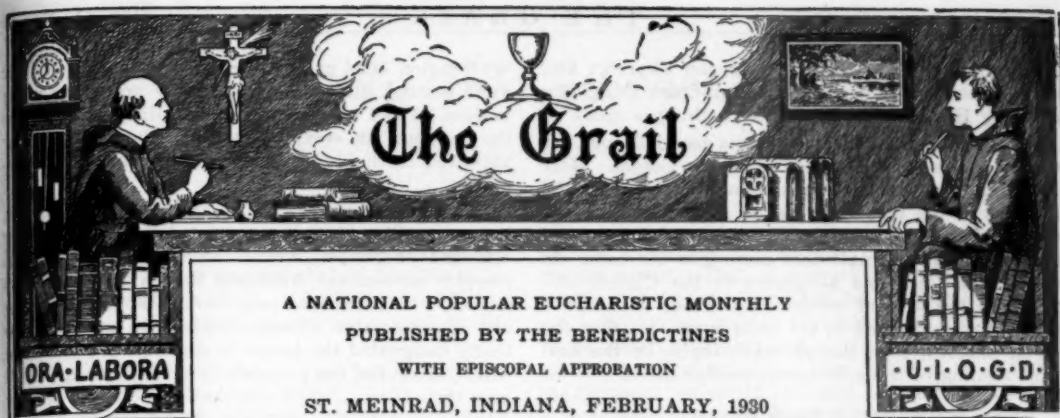
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Hofmann

PREACHING THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

"I beheld therefore in the vision of the night, and lo, one like a son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and he came even to the Ancient of days: and they presented him before him. And there was given to him power, and glory, and a kingdom: and all peoples, tribes, and tongues shall serve him: his power is an everlasting power: and his kingdom shall not be destroyed."
—Dan. 7:13.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Press a Power

THE SECULAR PRESS

The influence of printer's ink is well-nigh unlimited. It holds thought captive on paper, yet sways the multitude. The power of the press that sends forth the printed message is practically incalculable—a world power to be reckoned with. The food with which it is fed becomes, as it were, its flesh and blood. Similarly as with the radio, whatever we speak into the microphone, that we tell the world.

There is no adequate standard by which we may determine the influence of the press either for good or for evil. If good seed be sown, it will sprout and bring forth good fruit; but if the seed be bad, the fruits thereof will be worthless—wormy and bitter to the taste.

The press is, indeed, a potent factor in forming or molding public opinion. That the press is frequently used as a tool to bring a man before the public, either to create a favorable opinion, or prejudice against him, is a matter of almost daily experience. This happens not infrequently, especially when there is a possibility of one's being considered for some public office or position of trust. The campaign of calumny, defamation, and vilification that is usually carried on before, and during, election time, will serve as illustration.

During the late World War we had a striking example of the ability of the press to weave a web of hostility around great nations and enmesh them therein. The influence of the press in that campaign of hostility moved the whole world to cooperation.

A NAMELESS PRESS

While religious beliefs are more or less taboo with the secular press in general, the vile press of a disreputable element, reeking as it does with the fumes of sulphur and brimstone, feeds, vulturelike, on the carrion of prejudice and filthy lucre. Thus the powers of darkness make a diligent use of printer's ink to stir up hatred among men and incite them to hostility against that Church which was founded on a rock, and

against which, according to the promise of Christ, the gates of hell shall not prevail. These disturbers of the peace seem not to know that the Founder of that Church promised also to be with her all days even to the end of time. They are not, however, moved by principle to act thus. Judaslike, the lure of coin entices them.

In a class with the foregoing is the pornographic press, the filthy press, the object of which is to remove the barriers of morality and destroy every vestige of innocence and virtue. Although this press operates more or less secretly, and Uncle Sam denies it the privilege of the mails, still it finds numerous agents and carriers for the distribution of its foul products. In this, too, as in the foregoing, the lure of coin plays an important rôle.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS

As the press is a great power in molding public opinion, in arousing the passions of men for good or for evil, so also can the press wield great power for the spiritual good of mankind and the salvation of immortal souls. Although its voice is inaudible to the many, yet its trumpet tones will echo and reecho down the ages to the end of time. While its voice is not heard amid the din and shouts of the noisy world, it speaks to the ear of the heart in the silent chambers of the soul.

The Catholic press exercises a real apostolate with a real mission, and those who foster this noble cause also exercise a real apostolate, for they thereby help to advance the kingdom of God on earth. Besides broadcasting the truths of our holy religion, the Catholic press supplements the Sunday sermon, which unfortunately many either entirely neglect to their own spiritual loss or hear inattentively. The Catholic press, moreover, continues the religious instruction that was given in church and school; it strengthens Catholics in their faith, enlightens non-Catholics, breaks down prejudice, and makes converts. The casual reading of a Catholic paper, magazine, or book, that happened to fall into his hands, has been for many a one the first seed of faith, the first ray of light revealing the truth,

the beginning of a conversion to the Church. God often makes use of seemingly insignificant things for attaining His end. In His service nothing is small.

The Catholic press always exerts a good influence, for it sows the good seed spoken of in the Gospel. More than this, the Catholic press counteracts the baneful influence of the secular press, of which Catholics are always liberal supporters. The more secular papers, magazines, and journals that come into the home—to weaken the faith and allegiance to the Church—the greater is the need of wholesome Catholic literature—papers, and magazines in the same home—to offset the poison imbibed, even though unwittingly, by the constant reading of the unreligious secular press.

CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

During February, which is Catholic Press Month, Catholics will be duly admonished from the pulpit concerning their duty in regard to Catholic papers, magazines, and books in the home. We need a Catholic laity well-read and well-instructed in matters pertaining to the Faith. We need a vigorous Catholic laity that does not fear to stand up and fight manfully for the principles of righteousness and justice. We need a Catholic laity that is fitted for coping with the evils of the day. We need Catholic leadership. But this we cannot look for unless our people inform themselves thoroughly in matters Catholic by reading and by study.

Catholic literature in the home is a necessity. The instruction received in youth in preparation for the sacraments, while sufficient at the time, should be supplemented in later life. Such instruction is often not thoroughly grasped by the young and consequently it soon vanishes. The flame of faith must be kept burning bright by constantly adding fresh supplies of fuel—replenishing the lamp of faith with the oil of reading and instruction. The fact that we are by the mercy of God members of the true Church will not necessarily save us, except by vigorous cooperation on our part. Cling tenaciously to the Faith, but be not like the foolish virgins who forgot to take a supply of oil along, or like the man in the Gospel who failed to put out on interest the talent that was entrusted to him. Your faith is that talent, and the Master, when He comes for the final reckoning, will demand the interest as well as the principal. Do not disappoint Him in this. You will have to make answer for yourself and for those who are entrusted to your care. Take to heart the advice of the Apostle St. Paul to his beloved Timothy: "Attend unto reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine."

Printer's Devil Burns his Fingers

Many are the jokes told at the expense of the person, real or imaginary, who may be conveniently called the printer's devil. Whether in these days of progress, when everyone specializes, there still exists such an individual, may be merely a matter of conjecture. In the good old days a boy went to the printing office as an apprentice to learn the printer's trade—all of it, from start to finish. He had to begin at the foot of the ladder—there were fires to build, floors to sweep, the

Washington hand press to be inked for each individual sheet printed, dirty rollers and dirty presses to wash; besides, he had to learn to set type—in a word, he was the factotum (do everything) of the plant. If an error appeared in the paper, he might be blamed with impunity.

But, times change, as the ancient poet says. Errors, however, still creep into the printed sheet. One of our esteemed exchanges, which carried a picture of the recently consecrated Auxiliary Bishop Albers, of Cincinnati, with his consecrator (Archbishop McNicholas) and co-consecrator (Bishop Beckman), quite inadvertently designated the latter "a co-conspirator," for the which, of course, the printer's devil may be expected to bear the odium.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

LITURGY AND CULT

It would not be exactly reverent, nor altogether true, to say that God feels favored when mortals worship Him. Yet it is true that every worthy act of worship increases the external glory of the Most High. In referring to all acts of worship we use the term *cult*, but *liturgy* is a little more restricted in meaning. It embraces only those acts of worship which are rendered to God by the Church, the Spouse of His only-begotten Son. In our countless sectarian and non-sectarian churches and religious organizations there may be many sincere devotees of divine cult, but the quieting sense of security and infallibility in religious worship is to be had only in the Catholic Church and through her sacred liturgy. When we adore God with the Church and in the way she points out to us, we are certain that our worship is pleasing in the sight of God, abstracting, of course, from our personal fervor and devotion. After all, this ought to be our chief concern—that our homage finds favor before the Throne of God and is graciously accepted by the King of Ages. Hence, *only that divine cult which is sanctioned by the Church can be styled liturgy.*

LITURGY AND RUBRICS

The rubrics and often very complicated ceremonial of the Church may not be identified with liturgy; certainly less so than liturgy may be identified with cult. Liturgy deals with the homage of the spirit—indeed it is nothing more nor less than the outpouring of faith and adoration, the interior movements of deep, love-inspired worship coming to the surface, the hidden vibrations of religious vitality finding joyous outward expression in harmonious, dignified actions. The rubrics simply serve to give these actions their proper form, one that is in accord with the liturgical mood engendering them. This statement may seem rather complex,

(Continued on page 455)

To God Alone

Behold God is high in His strength and none is like Him among the law givers.—Baruch 3:25.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

FATHER Gilbert was strolling along leisurely when he was awakened out his musings by a familiar voice: "Father, I'll be over this evening to order a Mass to be said to St. Anthony."

"Ed Allen! Ed Allen! Is that what you learned in your catechism days?"

Allen winced and dodged. "Can't I have a Mass said in honor of St. Anthony, Father?"

"Now, Ed, you are trying to creep under cover. You know that you said: 'to St. Anthony.' No mass is offered to any Saint. The Mass is offered to the Triune God. However, whilst the offering of the Holy Sacrifice renders supreme adoration and glory to God, it serves at the same time as an honorable commemoration of the saints whose memory we celebrate at the altar. When you come this evening, bring your missal along."

At the appointed time came Allen. "Here I am, Father. The missal is open."

"Well, let us have the prayer that follows the washing of the priest's finger tips. There you will see to whom the Mass is really offered."

"Bowling, the priest says:

'Receive, O Holy Trinity, this oblation, which we offer up unto Thee, in memory of the passion, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in honor of blessed Mary ever virgin, of blessed John the Baptist, of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, of these and of all the saints, that it may be available to their honor and to our salvation: and may they whose memory we celebrate on earth vouchsafe to intercede for us in heaven through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.'

"Father, it appears to me that this prayer in some respect is a mere repetition of some of those that preceded it."

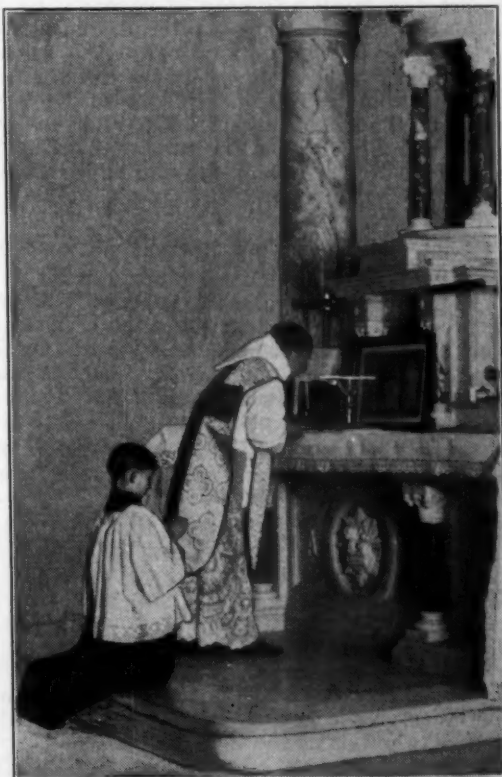
"Young man, you are badly mistaken," Father Gilbert said in a solemn bass tone. Allen looked up in surprise. He hadn't expected this sternness on the part of Father Gilbert.

"In this prayer which is said at the middle of the altar, whilst the priest's head is bent and his hands are joined," Father Gilbert continued, "the previous oblation is not simply continued or repeated, but developed and perfected by the incorporation of new aspects. While the first two oblation prayers are directed to the Father and afterward the invocation is made to the Holy Ghost, the Church now turns and of-

fers to the Holy Trinity the Sacrifice prepared on the altar. This is one of the few liturgical prayers directly addressed to the Blessed Trinity. Whereas, before the host and the chalice were offered individually, they are now presented to God under a new aspect, in a summary way: a short allusion is made to the relation which the Eucharistic Sacrifice bears to the mystery of the life of Christ as well as to the saints in heaven, and the succor which the church on earth needs is stressed."

"Yes, Father," Allen faltered, "but why bring in the Resurrection and the Ascension? They don't belong to the Mass, because they form no part of the Passion."

Father Gilbert frowned: "What queer things are you saying this evening? The three events of the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension,



"SUSCIPE, SANCTA TRINITAS"

comprise the whole work of the redemption. With the Passion are associated the Resurrection and the Ascension as happy effects and glorious reward of the work of the redemption; by the Passion the Lamb was slain, by the Resurrection It was glorified, and by the Ascension It was placed beside the throne of God."

"I see my mistake, Father," the caller admitted in a manner clearly expressive of apology. "Won't you please explain a little more about the saints, since you 'bawled me out' a while ago for my blunder?"

"Christ, offered as victim, does honor to the saints mentioned here. We have here one more official expression of the dogma of the communion of saints. The saints commemorated are the same as those whose names occur in the *Confiteor*, with exception of St. Michael. His name, however, is expressed shortly before at the blessing of the incense (at least in the Solemn Mass); Mary, the mother of God, is the first to share in this privilege, and she shares it more largely as it was she who stood in the very shadow of the cross so that the Church cannot separate her in the liturgy from her Divine Son; then comes St. John the Baptist, the greatest of all men born of woman; next, the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, the pillars of the Church; included also are the saints whose relics repose in the consecrated altar stone and who are thus identified with the very throne of the Immaculate Lamb; and, finally, all the saints who from the time of Abel have pleased God by their holy life and have in unison with Christ become victims acceptable to God."

"What about the word 'these' that is dovetailed in between the rest?"

"Didn't you notice that I spoke of those whose relics are found in the altar stone? I admit that there are some authorities who think that this term 'these' might refer to the saints just mentioned previously. Why are you so fidgety, Ed? What's bothering you?"

"Doesn't it seem as though a stressing of saints' names right here might detract from the honor due to God?"

"Not in the least. By praying that the saints may be more and more glorified on earth we are exalting God in heaven and we are benefiting ourselves, because in this case their intercession becomes more fervent and more powerful. That God is pleased by their participation in the liturgy was made known to St. Gertrude. On the feast of St. Mark she saw our Lord in His majesty bedecked, so to say, with as many mirrorlike jewels as there are saints who reign with Him in heaven. As soon as any saint's name was mentioned in the liturgy, that particular saint arose and with great joy made a

deep bow to the Lord and stretched out his hand to the particular jewel that symbolized his own person. Whilst he did this, there appeared in his hand the name of the person who invoked his aid. Those who entreated the saint with attention and devotion had their names written in letters of gold; those who asked through mere habit had their names inscribed in black letters; those who were filled with disgust and wilful distraction were honored with an inscription hardly discernible. She understood from this that as often as any saint was invoked, and in consequence interceded for us, his prayer was reflected in God as a mark of His mercy to us and as a constant reminder to Him to have mercy on us. She further realized that when any saint is implored with unusual love and fervor his corresponding jewel in the Savior's garment is reflected in his own person together with the inscription of the person making the entreaty. This reflection was to serve as a perpetual reminder to bestow His blessing for time and eternity upon the same faithful clients.

"On the feast of St. Ursula and her companions the same St. Gertrude one time thanked God for the merits of these virgin martyrs. They in turn directed the rays of grace received, to Him who sits on the throne. The Lord absorbed these rays and poured them into the soul that thanked Him for these virgins. She thus grasped the truth that out of the merits of the saints for whom the thanksgiving is made God multiplies his graces to him who makes the thanksgiving."

"If I remember rightly, Father," Allen rejoined with more confidence, "you maintained that the offertory prayers were not recited in the beginning. Is this one of those prayers too?"

"Whilst the wording of this prayer is substantially the same in the Oriental liturgies, it was originally a prayer of devotion. This fact explains why many churches did not have it in their missal. The Carthusians (whose rite differs slightly from ours) do not say it even now. This proves that it was not generally in use in the eleventh century. At first it was recited only on certain feasts; it even varied, for, on certain days, mention was made in it of the sick, the dead, the needs of the church, the princes, the priests, etc. Pope Pius V (d. 1572) eventually inserted this invocation into the missal and made its recitation a matter of obligation."

"Well, Father, rest assured that I shall never again ask you to say a Mass to St. Anthony." And Allen left even forgetting to order his Mass in honor of the saint who is constantly invoked to find the articles that we have lost.

Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Seventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER VI—EASTRY

KING Ermenred drew rein beside Egbert. "Welcome home, nephew!" he exclaimed heartily.

"And I am pleased to be home once more, Uncle. I bring with me the men whom you sent with me to Hwicca, and Hereward, Merwald's thane, and until lately his armor-bearer, who has quit his service and entered mine."

"Yours!"

"Aye, Uncle. I brought him chiefly for his own sake, and the comfort of the Lady Alfrida."

"Thunor's daughter!"

"Thunor's daughter. He comes with Merwald's consent, hoping to win the lady for his wife. Moreover, being a good Christian, he is fain to take her from the house of her pagan father and set her over his own, for it is rumored that Thunor's daughter hath much to suffer at her father's hand."

"A likely enough story, Egbert. But where will he live? And what hath he to offer to Thunor, who is a haughty personage and like to ask a high price for his daughter?"

"As for that, Merwald suffered him not to depart empty-handed, and the Queen—but I came near to forgetting my embassy—I bring you a scroll from the Lady Ermenburga."

"She is well, Egbert? and will be happy?" questioned the king as he took the letter from his nephew's hand.

"She is well. And for happiness, she will have that which Heaven shall send her."

"What mean you?"

"That King Merwald is a good Christian prince who will treat her with all gentleness and respect. She, a Saxon princess, is named Queen in Hwicca. She hath a train suiting her estate at all times, and ladies to wait upon her, as befits a queen."

"It is well. I have ever heard good of Merwald. Yet, because he is the son of Penda I was inclined to doubt. Meseems he does not love war?"

"Nay, he is a man of peace, Uncle, but if need should arise he would defend his own. He is no craven who wastes his manhood in soft living and idleness, and more, I believe that he hath already caught somewhat of the reflection of Ermenburga's holiness."

"So, it seems that you have learned much in a short space. Are you sure of it?"

"So well assured of it that I would stake my life upon Merwald's truth, valor and honesty, besides, the Queen loves him, and when she laid yon scroll in my hands, she smiled, though there were tears in her eyes, 'Tell my father that I am well content,' she said. The folk at Wenlock worship her already and whisper that she is a saint, and sees the holy angels around her."

"I can believe that, Egbert, for even to me, her father, Ermenburga was ever as a holy saint, as one too good for this sorry world, so that when I bade her take the King of Hwicca for her husband, I almost feared lest I had done her a wrong. She gave her consent with all cheerfulness, and it makes me happy indeed to know that she is content."

"Being what she is, she must be so, Uncle. She sent you a request by me."

"Tell me, I would do much to pleasure her."

"She begs that you will become the patron of Hereward, and forward his suit with Thunor. Also, she bids me say that the thane is honest and true, and she would like to know that he was about your person. And as for a dower for the Lady Alfrida, King Merwald hath already furnished him with more than enough." He made a sign for Hereward to approach and the thane stood forward.

"I hear much to your praise, Thane," said the King heartily. "My nephew here claims to know an honest man at sight, and for the sake of the Lady Ermenburga's commendation, and his own honest pleading, I will do what I can to advance your fortunes with the Lady Alfrida. I will send for you again to-morrow. For the present, follow me."

"I thank you," replied Hereward as he reined in his horse so that Ermenred might pass him to greet Brother Hugh, who was just then taking his leave of Egbert.

"An old man's thanks, Lord Egbert!" exclaimed the monk. "My way lies toward the city. Farewell, and peace to you!"

Hereward called to them. "Brother Hugh, the King would speak with you," he cried. "See he is here."

Brother Hugh turned to the King: "I pray the blessing of God upon you and your house," he said.

"And I would fain bid you welcome to Canterbury, good Brother. My nephew tells me that you came from far."

"From Jarrow, King. It is a long road, but since I fell in with the Lord Egbert, I have travelled it easily enough, for he lent me a horse to ride."

"And you sit it like a soldier, Brother. You were not always a monk."

"Nay, I was a soldier once, but those days are past; the soldier died long syne, though the monk still lives. But he is an old man now and his days are numbered."

"I hear that you go to the monastery of King Ethelbert, to the monks of Augustine who brought us the Christian faith from Rome."

"That is my intention."

"Then I may not keep you, but I would not have you go unattended into the city. I will turn with you and we will ride together."

"That were scarce fitting the dignity of a King, for I am but a simple lay brother, who was once—a soldier." There was a little hesitation over the last word that the king noted, but he made no comment and the two rode on while the men of Egbert's party, and the King's huntsmen fell in behind them. And so Brother Hugh came to Canterbury, and having entered the city gate, they came in sight of the great monastery of St. Augustine. The monk sat erect in the saddle and his eyes flashed and his cheeks flushed. In his excitement he threw back the cowl from his head so that his silver hair streamed backward in the wind and when Ermenred turned to him suddenly, the old man's eyes compelled him, and Brother Hugh opened his lips and prophesied.

"The King shall die," he said softly, "and the King shall die, and the King shall reign, and in the brightness of the noonday an evil hand shall slay the victims, and their blood shall cry to Heaven for vengeance. But the King shall live because his heart consented not, and judgment shall lay hold of justice, but the King shall remain in peace."

None but Ermenred had heard the words of the old man, and he was startled. "What words are these, good Brother?" he asked. "They tell a strange story."

"The time is not yet, Ermenred of Kent, and I spoke only that which was given unto me, and for what it may mean I cannot tell. But mine eyes will not close in death before it come to pass, of that I have received an assurance. Farewell, and thank you for your courtesy." He slipped from the saddle as he spoke, drew the cowl again over his head and walked swiftly to the half open gate of the monastery.

And Ermenred told the words of the prophecy to Egbert as they rode together, and they called Hereward to take counsel with them, but none of them understood what it might mean. And so they turned from Canterbury toward the sea, and at sunset they came to the palace at

Reculver, and rested for a night and a day, for both men and horses were weary. But the spirit of Hereward chafed at the delay and he implored Egbert to remind the King of his promise, for it seemed to him that Ermenred had forgotten him.

Now the King had left Thunor at his palace of Eastry, in charge of the princes Ethelred and Ethelbright, the twin sons of his old age, for their mother was dead, and a monk of Canterbury instructed them daily in all the learning suited to their age, and the work that they might find to do in the world. He had given them the palace of Eastry for a residence, and appointed Thunor, his trusted thane although he was still a pagan, to be governor of their household. And in the secrecy of his heart Thunor raged against the princes, and even more against the monk who was their tutor, but he durst say nothing openly against the King's will.

His daughter, the Lady Alfrida, was happier than she remembered to have been ever before, for the monk who tutored the two princes was a wise and holy priest who did much to comfort and strengthen Thunor's daughter against the persecutions of her heathen father. The thane in part guessed this, and it was only the fear of the wrath of Ermenred that restrained him from acts of open hostility to the Christian faith. The King, on his part, had spared neither persuasions nor threats in his efforts to win over the obstinate man, but through all Thunor had remained unmoved, nay, when his own brother had received the Faith of Christ, he had been angry beyond measure so that, first stripping him of all his possessions, he had sent him forth to fare as he might. It was many years since Elmer had been driven from his brother's home, and no word had ever reached Thunor concerning him, so that he judged him dead.

Ermenred had heard something of these things, but in spite of them he still trusted his warlike thane, and had regard for his sternness which seemed to fit a good general and a brave soldier who knew not the softening influence of Christianity, and so he had chosen to make him the guardian of his sons, and their household at Eastry. Some gossip concerning these things came to the ears of Hereward during those two idle days and he grew more and more restless. It was on the second night of their stay at Reculver and supper was served in the great hall. The King's brother, Erconbert, sat on his right hand, Egbert on his left, and Ermenred was moody, for he thought of Ermenburga in the palace at Wenlock, and his heart yearned for his best beloved child. Hereward was seated at the lower board, and he also was uneasy, deeming that the King had forgotten him, and

the plight of the Lady Alfrida, and yet he knew not how he might recall himself to Ermenred's memory. There was a cloud upon his brow, and his hand played with the dagger at his belt, and he ate but sparingly of the viands that loaded the King's table. Egbert chancing to glance in his direction smiled quietly, nothing seemed to escape his eagle eye. He bent toward the King.

"Forget not my friend, Hereward," he whispered.

The King started. "You do well to remind me, Egbert, for I had indeed suffered the matter to escape from my mind. To-morrow I will send him to Eastray with a scroll for Thunor."

"I would go with him, Uncle. It is long since I have seen my cousins, and I would know how they look, and how they esteem the tutor I chose for them, with the help of the Abbot."

"As you will; business carries me to Canterbury."

Hereward caught the King's eye, and in response to a sign rose and went forward.

"To-morrow you shall carry a scroll to Thunor at Eastray, Hereward. Deliver your message faithfully, for the rest, it is your own business. God prosper you!"

"I have no words to thank you—" began Hereward eagerly, but the King waved his hand.

"No thanks!" he said. "We were young once, and we have not forgot," and he sighed, remembering his dear dead wife, the mother of Ermenburga, and the two princes, for his heart was sore. He was an old man and life looked very desolate.

Egbert looked at him quickly. "Sigh not, Uncle," he said. "You have done much good for this kingdom, and your children bless you by their lives. Death comes to us all, and when it finds nous to regret it is but peace after war."

"The dead come not again, Egbert, and the heart grows lonely."

"You have your sons still, and my father, and me," he suggested.

Ermenred smiled sadly. "I ought not to be so ungrateful, but see you, Egbert, my sons are still of tender age. If I die soon, 'twill be your work, and your father's, to hold the kingdom for them. And more than all, I dread what may chance, seeing that they are as yet but boys. One must be King and the other must serve him. But will he? I could find it in my heart to wish that they might choose to serve the Church, and leave sterner matters to stronger hands."

"Their kingdom is their birthright, Uncle. My father and I will see them righted. But why this foreboding? You are not like to die. You may expect many years of life yet."

"I cannot tell, Egbert. I feel that life is near-

ly over for me, but your words have brought me comfort, and I could die the happier, knowing that my boys have you and Hereward to defend them."

"And my father," added Egbert quickly.

"Nay, your father is not young either. I lean upon you," and he rose slowly, and passed from the hall. The thanes looked at one another, and then at his retreating figure. They realized that the King was growing old.

On the following day, Egbert with half a score of men, accompanied Hereward to Eastray. Egbert rode silently and thoughtfully for the words of Ermenred had impressed him almost as those of a dying man, although the morning had found the King in a more cheerful mood, and to a less perceiving eye looked much as usual. But Egbert loved him, and love gives insight, and he knew in his soul that the King would depart from among men before many days.

Hereward was silent too, but his silence covered the swift, rash plans of youth that would sweep all before them, and deems everything easy of accomplishment, and so, dreaming and

The Foes

3. The Battle of Bethoron

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

Down from the heights of Juda the road wends
Over a steep rough path from Bethoron
To lower Bethoron: this way ascends
With Syrian force the general Seron.

He prideth him to slay that Machabee
Who as a rampant lion the land doth scour;
But Judas would far rather die than flee,
And heartens his own men to their devoir:

"Lo! Seron goes before our foes
To lead them in the fray;
Will ye be braves—rather than slaves
For ever from this day?

"'Tis for God's right we dare the fight,
Shall He not stand us by?—
Now bide ye still till up the hill
These Syrians come to die!"

Then on a sudden down the rubble way
The Jewish heroes rush upon the foe;
Their spears and swords wreak death, till in dismay
Seron retreats in thorough overthrow.

Won from the booty Judas now can wield
A Syrian sword rare-tempered; thus avails
Kind Providence to make ill good, and shield
The valiant man while the poor coward quails.

happy, he came to Eastry by Sandwich, and drew rein before the gates of the palace. He had outridden Egbert and had perforce to wait until the rest of the company came up, but they overtook him in a few moments, and Egbert putting his horn to his lips blew a threefold blast. The gates swung open almost immediately, and they rode into the courtyard and dismounted before the door.

Eastry was but a country house built of logs and roofed with thatch, but the presence of the princes had made it seem advisable to fortify the palace. Hence, the gates had heavy hinges, and bars that effectually closed them against all comers. The court was paved with rough cobble stones that gave out sparks of fire as the iron-shod horses struck them. The door was deep set, and narrow, with heavy bars to correspond with those of the outer gates, and there was a flight of wooden steps that gave access to the hall. To the left of the palace, within the enclosure, was a range of long, low buildings that were used as stables, and on the other side of the house ran a large dairy, leading through a dark and narrow passage to the kitchens. The building was large and solid, but clumsy and ill-built and lacked comfort, but to the men of those times it seemed a handsome dwelling, and it was strong enough to have withstood a lengthy siege.

Thunor stood at the foot of the steps to greet the King's nephew. His displeasure at the sight of Hereward was quite evident, yet he spoke cordially enough.

"Greeting, my Lord Egbert!" he said, taking the hand that was offered to him quite frankly.

"And greeting, Thane, and health!" responded Egbert heartily. "I bring with me Hereward, lately from Hwicca, who has business here that he will himself explain to you. 'Tis none of my affair, but he is a worthy man, I know for, I have proved him, and so, use him with all gentleness. As for me, I have pledged my word to do my utmost to recommend him to your good offices, as does the king also. Come hither, Hereward," he continued, turning to the thane who had been standing behind him.

Hereward advanced a pace, until he stood beside Egbert. "Greeting, Thunor," he said quietly. "I bring you a message from the King."

"King's messages are commands," responded Thunor darkly.

"This is a request. Ermenred commands not in these things," broke in Egbert uneasily, for he saw defiance in Thunor's attitude.

"Come then, supper will be ready presently. Your horses shall be cared for, we have plenty of room now. Pray you follow me to your chamber, Lord Egbert," he added ceremoniously leading the way up the rude stairs into the great hall, and thence by a wide staircase to the

upper galley which was paved with stone, and gave access to a number of small rooms. He pointed one out to Egbert. "Hereward can take the next," he suggested, and Egbert signified his approval by an inclination of the head. It struck him just then that it might be safer so for them both. "I would see the princes, my cousins," he added.

"You shall meet them at supper. They are at their studies now."

"Be it so," replied Egbert carelessly. "But bid them hasten the meal for we have ridden a long way and are both weary and hungry."

"I leave you then, Lord Egbert, that I may hasten the cooks. You shall be served when you are ready." He retired slowly and pompously, but before he went downstairs he knocked at a door on the other side of the gallery. A woman's voice answered but the door was not opened, and after speaking a few words in a low tone, Thunor passed down the stairs at the other side of the gallery.

Hereward stood for a moment deep in thought. Was the closed door that of the Lady Alfrida's room? And forgetting everything else, he sat upon the edge of his straw bed to watch for her appearance, forgetting that he had not removed his armor, nor his riding boots. Egbert roused him with friendly railery.

"I am ready," he began. Then seeing Hereward's abstraction, "Come man! Is this how you would appear before a lady? Think you that you can walk into her presence in your armor and riding boots? For shame! I had thought better of you."

Hereward rose quickly. "I had forgot," he stammered, and then, "Thunor hath not read the King's scroll."

"That were better kept for longer leisure. But hasten, Hereward, for in truth I am hungry, and supper waits upon our appearance. Hark! there go my cousins to the hall. Let's follow them."

"I am ready. I will follow after you presently."

"Nay, you go now with me."

"I would see who comes from yonder room. I pray you let me wait."

"So that's the trouble," laughed Egbert. "Then do as you will, but anger not Thunor, for I do not like his eyes, nor his haughty mien. And who can tell what a week, or even a day, might bring. Meseems that Thunor despises the princes, my cousins, and likes neither you nor me overmuch."

"It was mine own thought, Egbert. Suffer me to lie in your room this night, for fear of treachery."

"It would seem like expecting, and so inviting it, so, Hereward, I will sleep in mine own
(Continued on page 452)

Rarest World's Book Treasures Shown in Paris

FRANCIS DICKIE

State and private treasures beyond price; rare psalms and gospels of 9th and 12th centuries; books in wood, belt books, and books in chains; personal volumes of kings and famous people, and the only volume ever bound in human skin are offered for the first time to view of the public to illustrate evolution of bookmaking from the 9th to the 19th century.

PARIS, the "City of Light," which term refers to its brilliance in things literary and artistic, and not to the illumination of its streets, terrible after nightfall even in this twentieth century, has just excelled itself by presenting at the Bibliotheque Nationale an assembly of 400 of the rarest and most unusual books ever at one time displayed. This was made possible by the co-operation of the Bibliotheque Nationale, the Bibliotheque Sainte-Genevieve, L'Arsenale, and de Mazarine, and from private collections hitherto inaccessible.

In sixty glass cases and glass-topped tables was presented the entire evolution of the art of bookmaking from the ninth to the nineteenth century, and amazingly complete and well-preserved display, from the gazing upon which at once comes to the onlooker understanding why book collecting has always been a fascinating pursuit. In olden days only the great persons of the world could afford it.

But with the gradual spreading of education and the increase of wealth among all classes the love of books to-day has made collectors of almost all of us, and even the poorest man these days acquires a few volumes which he treasures as much as did Huntington and Hoe and Chew their famous libraries. And at this time when book sales, such as the Jerome Kern collection in New York and others held in London have realized such fabulous sums for a single modern work in

book and manuscript form by authors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the unusual Paris exhibition is doubly interesting to make note of, for here was a venerable procession of books from the long ago until now such as the world never before had seen in collected array. And with the memory of the prices paid at recent sales for comparatively recent volumes, this display in Paris, so rich in history, must have a value close to a billion dollars—these State and private treasures not for sale.

Here for the viewing of Paris dwellers and for those who travelled from all parts of Eu-

rope, were displayed the only volume ever bound in human skin, belt books of the days of the Crusades, books in chains, and marvellous tomes containing the Psalms and Gospels in settings of gold and precious stones, not to speak of personal volumes once the property of such great names in history as Francois Premier, Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Medici, Henri II, Grolier, and others.

And what books they made in those olden days, works of art created only after much thought and discussion had been devoted to their preparation. Volumes they are that have stood the test of centuries and are still things of beauty, almost as fresh as when they came from the binder. How well they stand in comparison to our machine-made millions of to-day whose covers will have rotted and whose pages will be dust when these great treasures of the past will still remain untouched by time's erosion. Oh, well, different times, different things, and your correspondent does admit, that the contents of a modern volume is much easier and more interesting to peruse.

For all the beauty of this rare showing, to tell adequately of these 400 volumes, every one of which, worth a story



"VEST-POCKET" BREVIARY

in itself, presented much difficulty to the writer. It was for this reason that your correspondent obtained special State permission to make photographs for the first time of the books he deemed most interesting, even this a hard task: for to select the six outstanding types representative of the different ages among so many of unusual appearance taxes the judgment sorely. And only the exteriors can be described, for the guardians of these treasures allow no handling of the volumes. The care in their transporting is an article in itself. Even if one had the time to peruse their pages, little could be learned, for mostly they are in old French, Latin, or Greek.

The array was arranged in chronological order to show carefully the changes and development throughout the ages. First came those books that were produced by a combining of the bookmaker's and the goldsmith's art carried on from the ninth to the twelfth century. They contained for the most part beautifully ornamented manuscripts of the Psalms and the Gospels. Of these photographs one is given as a particularly fine example. The covers of such volumes were often lined along the edge with precious stones or enamels. On one side some episode in the life of Christ or one of the Saints would be shown in gold figures, or carved in ivory, the lines very fine so that even the expression on the faces of the smallest figures is plainly depicted. The hinges were usually of brass, sometime six to a volume. Books at this period were huge and cumbersome, and so their use was confined to the few.

The next step was marked by the production of books of varying sizes bound between wooden covers, some plain, some overlaid with leather of a very thick nature. Such volumes were chiefly in use until the thirteenth century. And they, like the first volume shown, were ponderous, their weight incompatible with the true nature of a book as we know it to-day, something easy for every man's hand. The most unusual among the half dozen of this type shown was a circular one from the year 1200, the two heavy covers overlaid with calf. This one is among the earliest examples showing not only the use of a leather covering, but being ornamented by what is known as "cold" tooling. Unlike gold tooling, this method leaves a design which fades with time, and the geometrical adornment upon this one is too faint now for the camera to show it. The book has a leather hinging, and the traces of a bronze clasp still are in evidence. It is a prayer book of the time. Another interesting feature: it is among the smallest of the books of a time when volumes were ponderous, being only seven inches in diameter. Considering what it must have been through in seven hundred years it is wonderfully preserved.

The smallest book in the collection is vividly reminiscent of the years toward the end of the thirteenth century when Christianity was laying ever stronger hold upon Europe, and monasteries flourished in such numbers. Then pious men made long pilgrimages, and knights went crusading to prove their faith and loyalty to the cause. For such men a portable book, bible or breviary, was a necessity. Hence came into existence such books as illustrated in photograph 1. This was a breviary of Cremona. The binding is of two narrow bands of soft leather with a brass back in which is set a ring. The ring was hung to a hook on the wearer's belt. The book is five and a quarter inches long and two inches wide.

The most outstanding books in the period from the twelfth century until the invention of printing, is undoubtedly the books in chains which were a mark of how treasured volumes were during that period. In the schools, the monasteries, and the chapels, sacred and educational books were fastened to the desks, tables, or pulpits by chains of sufficient stoutness to resist the effort of any thief hoping to make away noiselessly with such valuable loot. Photograph five displays the finest example of this type of book. It is nine inches by six and belongs to the middle of the century 1400. It is bound in sheepskin, which at that time had come much in favor. The binding is very much finer than upon that of the round book of two hundred years before. It is a theological treatise of the time.

Following the year 1470 and the improvements in printing brought about by Gutenberg and his successors, the number of books vastly increased, and their possession was no longer confined to the few. About 1470 the bookbinders made the discovery of using cardboard for covers to replace wood. With the production of lighter books, the use in the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries of brown calf and pigskin increased. In these days tooling without gold was very common. The ornamentation was much varied and fairly artistic in design, sufficiently so that at times the bookmaker put his initials on the cover, much as a painter signed his work. However, in those days tools were scarce, and often were passed around from shop to shop.

It was toward the end of the sixteenth century that bookmaking reached a very high state of excellence. It was at this time that the demands of kings, courtiers, scholars, and even men of the merchant class started a keen competition in sumptuous bindings. From this time still shines largely the names of such great collectors as Grolier, Mahieu, Carnevari, Francois Premier. Grolier was among the most illustrious, and because more space was given to his books than any other man in the Paris ex-



Book with porcelain covers—a feature of the Revolutionary period.

CENTER—The Constitution of the first Republic, bound in human skin from the body of an aristocrat during the French Revolution—1789-93.

AT BOTTOM—"Code Napoleon" in black velvet binding, the title in silver-bullion thread raised a sixteenth of an inch—work that requires skilled workmanship.

entrance. This is the rarest and most perfect specimen of Grolier known.

During the period when Grolier lived, the ornamentation upon bindings became more varied and of greater beauty than in previous years, and this continued for some time following his death. The trend toward a finer and more extreme ornamentation is found in volumes of Francois Premier, the first French king, to really gather together a vast library, some of which is still to be seen in the castle of Fontainebleau. In his books the influence of the Italian Renaissance is strongly marked. But this is even more noticeable among the volumes belonging to Henri II. A few of this monarch's volumes occupied cases in company with books once the personal property of Catherine de Medici, and Diane

de Poitiers, two women who played such an important part in his life. The books belonging to them were the largest in the collection, some of them were three feet in length by two feet in width. Their covers were the artistic jewels of the show, the gold scroll work exquisite in its design and fineness. Some volumes contained the arms of Diane de Poitiers; others, the initials of Catherine. But the contents of the books in general would be of little interest to the average



hibition, it is worth while noting something of his life. He was born at Lyon in 1479. He was treasurer of the wars in Italy, and later Finance Minister of France. Yet despite his labors for the State, he devoted thirty years to collecting books. So varied, indeed, are the bindings made at his command, that one could write the entire history of bookmaking during his period without ever going out of his library. Five cases were devoted to showing the masterworks produced by workmen under his direction. It should be noted that this is the first time in history such a collection has ever been arranged for the public view. The most unusual in the display was a binding in brown calf containing a decoration of a monumental

man of to-day. Here and there a familiar title appears, such as the works of Homer in four volumes in Greek and Latin texts, and Aristotle. It is the gorgeousness of the covering which chiefly moves the beholder. Here are copies of the Bible and the New Testament in leather bindings that must have cost many hundreds of dollars even in their day.

The exhibition contained only two copies of books bound in red velvet, which, from the time of Louis XIV to the days when men pioneered North America in the last century, were fairly common. This volume, once the property of a king whose reign was the longest and most glorious in French history, bore upon the velvet cover the rising sun in beaten silver, the symbol of Louis, and fleur-de-lis, clouds and the crown. The book has been preserved in excellent fashion.

Moving down the years, the exhibits brought one to the eighteenth century when flourished such masters of bookmaking as Florimond Badiet, Le Bascon, Padeloup, and Doucer, names which to-day in an auction room command attention from experienced buyers. It was such men who brought to perfection binding ornamented of lace pattern in gold tooling. If anything, they overloaded their covers. So much so that a little over a quarter of a century later people rebelled and went in for work more simplified. In this the binder Derome excelled. Some of his finest work was done for Marie Antoinette in those hectic days when the aristocracy were having their last fling at the expense of the seething masses. In the exhibit two cases were devoted to books once the property of Marie Antoinette. The lace pattern upon these was particularly fine, letting amongst the gold appear the morocco.

Then came the Revolution, and the temporary ending of activity in the bookmaking trade. It is from this period, however, we get probably the rarest book in the world, one that has a cover epitomizing the fury of the populace against their masters. This thin volume contains between its grisly covers the Constitution of 1789, and the binding is of human skin, taken from the back of some unwilling aristocrat. The archives do not contain his name, nor reveal the manner of the tanning of this unusual binding. At any rate it has stood the test of the years. The color is olive, the texture resembling pigskin, but far too fine. There is nothing to excite the unknowing onlooker in this plain volume that bears neither title nor tooling nor any line of decoration. And, irony of ironies, though sinister is its history, this volume still stands symbol of a great movement for the betterment of the people, which affected not only France, but all Europe. It is so like any ordinary, plainly-bound leather volume as hardly to be worth picturing.

During the Revolution only one other type of book is worthy of mention. This was bound in porcelain. The volumes were few in number, and did not long continue in use because so easily broken. The single example shown in the exhibition was bound with a fine leather binding. The front cover was decorated with a wheat sheaf, and the subject matter was how well all men could prosper under a State such as brought about by the Revolution.

Under the energetic rule of Napoleon Bonaparte books began again to appear in great numbers. Half a dozen examples of the finest work from his library graced the exhibition, bindings in morocco bearing the bees and eagles, symbolic of the Emperor. In striking contrast to these, and much more interesting because unique of its time, and the only volume of its kind in the exposition, was a volume bound in black velvet. It contained the Code Napoleon, and the title was built upon the velvet a sixteenth of an inch high by embroidered silver thread, a work of high artistic craftsmanship.

This in brief is the tale of perhaps the most unusual book exhibit that Paris, long famed for showings of this kind, has given. And it comes at a period when men more than ever before are interested in the subject of books. No longer are books the property of the few, but the many, and so it seemed worth while to relate something of this gathering together of 400 rarities from the long ago until now which were assembled for the first time in order to tell the story of the history of bookmaking in all its varied phases and changes down to the present day.

Our Lord is waiting for you in the Tabernacle.

Frequent Communions satisfy spiritual craving.

The Angelus

EDITH TATUM

The day of toil is ended,
The West is all aglow—
Long shadows of the pine trees
Lie dark across the snow.

And from the distant village
There comes the sound of bells—
The vesper hour, the Angelus,
It softly, sweetly tells.

Ah, Blessed Mother Mary,
When ends life's little day,
Be near me in the twilight
And drive my fears away!



UPPER LEFT—Specimen of chained book.

UPPER RIGHT—Book with circular wooden covers.

BELOW—Book covers of Moyen Age showing combination of bookbinding and gold-smithing.



The House of Hate

ERNEST W. BOXALL

STONE House stood foursquare to the winds that shivered through the encircling poplars, somewhat on the outskirts of the little town.

It was not an engaging house. It had been built at the commencement of the nineteenth century by an architect with an eye for utility rather than ornament. It was solid enough, and presented a contemptuous façade to the high road, from the aloofness of its large, but dingy garden. A big, grey house, approached by a moss-grown drive, it seemed a very fitting habitation for some grim and solitary recluse.

In truth, it housed a tragedy, one of those tragedies that are half comedies, yet, none the less, both real and oppressive.

The Misses Helen and Hester Martyn lived there, twin sisters well on in age, the only children of the late Mr. Hector Martyn, one time manufacturer of the city of Leeds. They were chained to the house by circumstances over which they had no control rather than desire, and both of them hated it.

Their father had divided his fairly considerable property equally between them, the only conditions being that they should continue to inhabit the house and keep a joint control over household expenses. Should one of them marry, she was to receive a thousand pounds, and the rest of the property automatically passed to the other. In the event of both marrying, the whole property was to be held in trust, for the first child born of either union. Those were the conditions set forth in the will to be rigidly adhered to.

The Misses Martyn had never married. They were well on in the forties when their father died, and after that, no suitor came a wooing. That was not the chief tragedy, however, the thing that really mattered was the quarrel that had arisen between them.

It had started simply enough over some trifling, domestic matter, and then dramatically and unexpectedly developed. Words were said, bitter, spiteful words that neither really meant, but which rankled in, and tore at, the heart. There had been a climax of hate and rage, and then, for over twenty years, neither of the sisters had spoken to the other.

Because of the will, they met at meal times. Hester was responsible for the ordering of one day, and Helen for the other. They took their meals in dead silence, except for an occasional order to the serving maid, and at the conclusion of that dreadful meal, left by separate doors for

their own apartments. Not even the slightest communication passed between the two, except through an intermediary.

Possibly, as the years went on, both would have been glad to have broken that unnatural silence, but pride forbade. In the end, real hate took the place of the smouldering embers of passion.

The servants put up with the situation because they were well paid, and had plenty of personal liberty allowed them. If the house itself was dull and silent, the servants' quarters were always lively enough. And so time passed on without any change in the ridiculous situation that had arisen.

The sisters were Catholics, that is to say, they attended Mass regularly on Sundays, although neither of them had approached the sacraments since the day of the quarrel. In vain had successive parish priests endeavored to make peace once more between the two sisters. They heard what was said in stony silence, but resolutely refused to give in.

"The House of Hate," they called it in the little town, and indeed, taking the circumstances into consideration, the name was most appropriate.

* * * * *

Sister Helen lay dying. The doctor had told her frankly that it was only a question of hours.

She despatched a maid for the priest, and lay alone in her big, dim bedroom, terribly afraid. She tried hard to keep her thoughts on the last things, on God, the eternal judgment, on Christ's Passion and Death on the cross, but ever and anon her thoughts would turn to Hester, and a flash of hatred would run through her withered frame. This was the crux of the tragedy, each sister was firmly convinced that the other was to blame.

There was a strange priest at the presbytery, a little French abbé, who was supplying for the parish priest away on holiday. He knew nothing about the sisters beyond the fact that he had seen them at Mass the previous Sunday, and promised to come at once.

It was in the early spring, and the dead light of approaching night, held the poplars in a frame of grey, as he walked quickly up the drive. With him were the holy oils, and the Blessed Sacrament was safely encased in a silver pyx. He knocked at the door, and as it opened, prepared to cross the threshold.

But this he could not do. Try as he would,

he could not struggle past that dark and gloomy portal, some invisible force held him back.

The servant watched him strangely. She was an old Irishwoman, a good and devout Catholic. Shutting the inner door, she came up to the priest.

"What is the matter, Father?" she said quietly.

The little French priest looked at her with startled eyes. "I do not know," he said a little breathlessly. "It is most strange, but I cannot move from here."

"Ah, Father, and have you the Blessed Sacrament with you?"

"But yes."

She thought a moment. "Then 'tis that," she said quietly. "Sure, the God of Love cannot enter into the House of Hate."

The priest looked at her uncomprehendingly, but in a few words she explained the situation to him. Then he understood.

"Ah," he said gravely. "It is as you say. And are they still unreconciled?"

"Yes, Father."

He considered a space. "I hardly know what to do," he confessed. "I cannot leave the old

lady like this, and yet—" he spread out his hands in a hopeless gesture. "It appears to be Our Lord's will that I may not bring Him in," he concluded.

"Father," said the old woman eagerly, "just beyond the gate there is a cottage where old Mrs. Furness lives. She is a splendid Catholic. Could you not leave the Blessed Sacrament there for a while, and come back here?"

The priest was a little doubtful. "Such a thing is scarcely allowable," he objected. "Yet, if I go back to the church, and return, I may be too late, it is the question of the salvation of a soul, and I do not think Our Lord would wish me to do otherwise. Yes, I will come to Mrs. Furness with you as you suggest, and we will then return."

They went to the humble cottage, and the old lady was only too delighted to receive so great a Guest. The candles on her little altar were quickly lighted, and the pyx, covered with a white cloth, was placed thereon. Whilst Mrs. Furness knelt in adoration, the priest and the old servant, hurried back to the house.

This time he entered without trouble. He



"Sister," she sobbed, "it is I who should be sorry."

went straight to the room of the dying woman, who opened her eyes slowly as he entered.

"I was afraid you would be too late, Father," she whispered.

"Alas, it was very nearly so. I could not enter with Our Lord."

"Could not, Father! I do not understand."

Rapidly he told her what had happened, and the dying woman's face flushed crimson at his words. Then, for a moment she was silent, whilst the priest prayed earnestly to Our Lady that she would soften that hard old heart.

At length she spoke. "Father, I am sorry," she said slowly. "I see now the wickedness of the past twenty years. If it had not been for that which has happened. I might have died with the sin of hatred still unabsolved." The tears came from the tired eyes as she spoke, then she turned to the old servant, and bade her fetch Hester.

There was a poignant meeting between the two. Hester came into the room, stately and erect, her thin lips compressed with grim determination.

"Well," she said harshly.

Helen stretched out a thin, withered hand. "Hester, I am sorry," was all that she could say.

The thin lips tightened, then loosed, and with a little cry Hester flung herself upon her knees by the side of the bed. "Sister," she sobbed, "it is I who should be sorry. All along I have nourished my sinful, wicked pride. Forgive me before you go."

The priest heard no more, he had slipped away to fetch the Blessed Sacrament.

This time he entered without hindrance. The very atmosphere of the house seemed to have changed in that brief period. It was no longer

menacing and sinister; instead there was a strange perfume of peace.

Life was flickering in the feeble frame, but it was still there when he entered. Absolution was quickly given, and with her ebbing strength fast fading, the old lady received the Sacred Viaticum to comfort her on her last long journey. The priest had barely finished the anointing when she died.

The house still stands foursquare to the winds, but no longer is it the House of Hate. An old, old lady lives there, loved by all the townsfolk, Catholic and Protestant alike, for in the short time remaining to her she has determined to make amends for those wasted years.

Alan's Daughter

(Continued from page 444)

chamber, and you in yours, but be wary, for the old pagan is a veritable fox."

"Something warns me of mischief brewing. I cannot tell what, but I feel that I should not trust Thunor, it is as though there were blood upon his hands. I felt them, they were as chill as death, and his face was livid. A red and angry man is human; an angry man who turns white is a demon. Alas, poor Lady Alfrida!"

"Poor Hereward!" mocked Egbert, "but come now, for if we keep Thunor waiting, we'll see how a fox looks when he grows hungry." He passed quickly down the stone passage and so to the hall below where the princes with their tutor welcomed him, and Hereward stood apart, waiting until the lady whose skirts were rustling down the stairs swept by him.

For a second their eyes met, and then she passed swiftly to her seat beside her father.

(To be continued)

A Mirror

JOHN M. COONEY

Friend, here is a mirror, this money,—these quarters and pennies and dimes. Fantastic to make of dull tokens fool matter for more foolish rhymes?

Well, money has murdered a-many, and money has soothed the sharp pain;
It has bought the maid's soul for the Demon, and ransomed for Heaven again;
It has sold the damned drugs of despairing and measured the mem'ry of love
That goes to the grave, and beyond it, to lift the lost loved one above;
It has wafted white bands to the heathen, 'neath Christ's parlous banner, with song,
And pushed the red pack of the pirate a-roaring hell's pathway along;
It has fenced from encompassing foulness the glorious gardens of God,
And embattled the fury of nations and made a foul grave of the sod;
And swung high the rogue on the gibbet, bought science and art that enticed
The child-mind of mankind to thinking; and, forget not, it sold the Lord Christ!

And that is why money's a mirror in which we may see ourselves true;
For the mad things we say oft of silver are only the things that men do.

Glenstal Priory

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

"And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

—James Russell Lowell.

IT was in that most glorious of all months in the leafy month of June that for the first time the sylvan loveliness of the Glenstal woods (Co. Limerick) and the magnificent grandeur of the Castle rejoiced my eyes. It was many years ago since my husband and I drove on an old-fashioned jaunting car through the demesne, as a matter of fact, it was before motors had become more common than blackberries in the spacious days of King Edward long before the Great War changed manners and customs and outlooks. The old order changed, the old traditions vanished in no country more than in the Isle of Saints and Scholars.

The jaunting car was in a way more picturesque than the motor, and as even the swiftest of horses—even Irish horses—did not travel too rapidly, we were able to inhale the pure invigorating air, and revelled in the sublime loveliness that "fills the air around with beauty." Also the jaunting car was rather romantic and as yet belonged exclusively to St. Patrick's chosen land, and then as well as being romantic, the seaters often behaved in a ludicrous manner. We often enjoyed a hearty laugh at the heroic efforts foreigners—such as English, Italians, Americans—made, to cling on for dear life to the rocking, shaking vehicle, the while their stricken faces showed intense bewilderment mingled with quiet, suppressed terror, they had not bargained for this mode of transit when they crossed the briny ocean. Though I laughed, I sympathized, for I must candidly acknowledge I often felt decidedly unhappy when I was bumped and jolted over an ill-paved road,

and was in imminent danger of being hurled into a ditch, or over a thorny hedge.

However to return to our sheep or rather to the green woods and stately castle of Glenstal, and particularly to revel in the remembrance of the fragrance, gorgeous colors, and splendor of the wonderful rhododendrons, the pride of Glenstal.

Sir Charles Barrington was in those days the Lord of the Manor, a very kind and generous lord, always helpful to his poorer neighbors and ready to assist people of all creeds, though he himself was Church of Ireland. He served gallantly during the Great War. When he returned, he met with many troubles. He decided

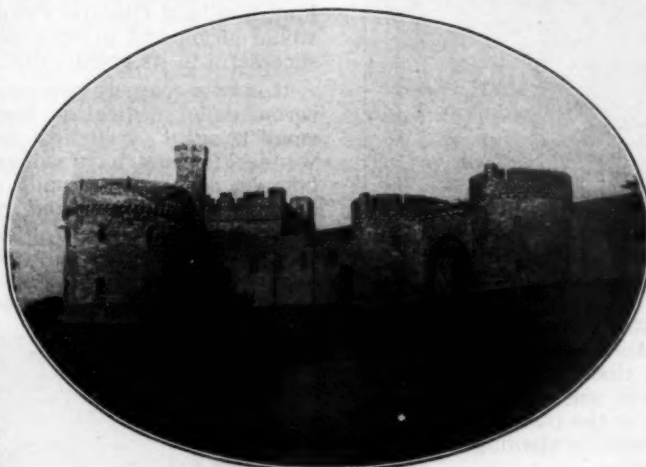
to leave the country and dispose of his beautiful old home. Accordingly he offered it to Mr. W. Cosgrave, President of the Executive Council as a sort of Irish Chequers for the use of the Presidents of the Executive Council.

The President visited it with Mr. Tim Healy, then Governor General of the Irish Free State. Both were charmed, but felt compelled to refuse, as they con-

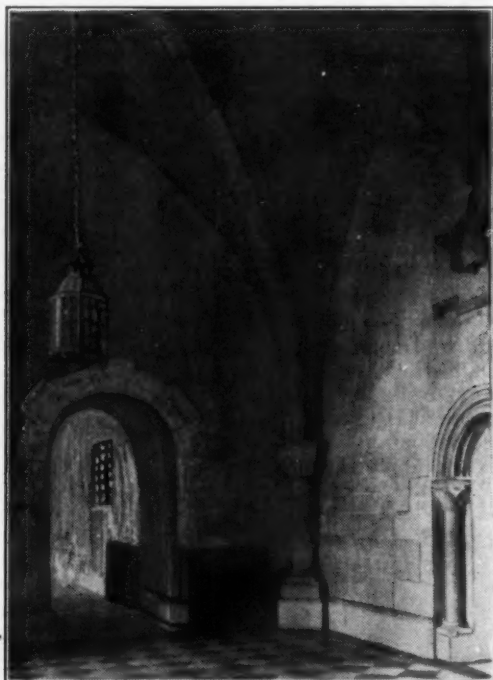
sidered it too far from Dublin. Then a wonderful thing happened, wonderful in that it brought the Benedictine Fathers back to teach, help, and instruct the Catholics in the South of Ireland.

Monsignor J. Ryan, of Thurles, Co. Tipperary, purchased Glenstal Castle and domain and presented them to the Benedictines of Maredsous, Belgium. Needless to say they gladly accepted the generous offer and on May the 13th, 1927, Prior Gerard François took possession of their now delightful home. Of course they altered considerably the inner part, and their beautiful and artistic little chapel combines loveliness and devotional tranquility—Pax.

The solemn dedication of the monastery took place on the 19th of January, 1928. I cannot better describe it than by quoting an extract or



GLENSTAL PRIORY—SOUTHEAST



ENTRANCE HALL

two from the well-known "Tipperary Star" newspaper.

"A distinguished visitor to the Institution, was the Abbot of the Order, Celestin Golenvaux, a successor in that high office of Abbot Columba Marmion, who was a native of Dublin. The Abbot remained in the institution in order to participate in the solemn opening and consecration of the monastery.

"The ceremonial associated with the solemn dedication and opening of the monastery at Glenstal Castle, which was suitably decorated for the occasion with national flags and evergreens, was deeply impressive. Following High Mass the building was dedicated to Saints Joseph and Columba, and blessed by his Grace, Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, supported by his Lordship, the Bishop of Limerick, Most Rev. Dr. Keane, and the Abbot of Maredsous, and many clergy from the Archdiocese of Cashel, as well as by many of the laity from parishes within the diocese. Vespers and Benediction formed the concluding ceremonies and were of an equally impressive character.

"The Lord Abbot, speaking in French, extended a hearty welcome to the visitors to their building, especially the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards ex-

pressed his gratitude and that of the community to the Right Rev. Mons. Ryan, of Thurles, for his great generosity in presenting such a beautiful structure and grounds to his Order for the advancement of their work. He dealt with the friendly relations that had always existed between Ireland and his country, and hoped that that friendship would be perpetuated by the fact that members of his Order had come to that Priory and hoped to make it eminently successful in its objects as a spiritual centre in the Archdiocese, and as an institution for the development of a Catholic spirit, and arts, and crafts throughout the country.

"The Rt. Rev. Mons. J. J. Ryan, of Thurles, related the circumstances under which he secured Glenstal Castle, and presented it to the Benedictine Order, and added that the late Abbot of Maredsous, Dom Columba Marmion, was a Dublin man, with whom he was a student in Rome. Abbot Marmion had left his mark behind him, and Glenstal Priory Park Monastery would go on and prosper and prove eminently successful in its great work."

It is now scarcely two years since the solemn ceremony of dedication took place, and the small handful of Benedictines have worked wonders; they have advanced by leaps and bounds, and are gradually changing the wild, and in parts uncultivated, country into a veritable garden of Eden. Picturesque and beautiful it always was and always will be, but the added utilitarian advantages of tillage and scientific farming and modern agriculture now



ENTRANCE TO CHAPEL

give it the aspect of a twentieth century paradise. The monks intend later to build and start a college for boys. At present many lads come to them as externes from the surrounding villages, to be taught various arts and crafts, including carpentry and wood carving. In the near future the Benedictines will initiate them into the fascinating arts of bookbinding, and gold, and silver work.

In concluding this brief and very inadequate sketch—I hope the interesting views will make up for the inefficiency of the word painting—I join with my fellow countrymen and women in extending a warm *'cead-mille-faillthe'* (hundred thousand welcomes) to the dear and kind Fathers from overseas and in wishing them prosperity and success in their glorious mission—the education and sanctification of their boys.

It is sometimes whispered that the Sons of St. Benedict never prosper in St. Patrick's Isle—this is as it may be—in the past they may have failed but in the future—who can foretell the future?—yet we may hope that in the coming days honor, and power, graces, and blessings, exceeding great, may crown their noble undertaking and that they may diffuse knowledge and happiness, and above all the spirit of love and goodfellowship and peace among the people of our Green Isle of the Ocean.

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 438)

but a familiar illustration should make it clear. All of us understand and accept without explanation that certain gestures and postures are expressive of corresponding passions or emotion. Thus, a crouching, backward motion of the body, with the hands extended as though to ward off some enemy, usually suggests the emotion of fear or repulsion. We invariably connect the bodily movement with the interior soul-movement which generally causes it. In like manner, Mother Church has given us, in the rubrics used at her liturgical functions, certain helps by which we may the more freely and unreservedly express our interior feelings when we offer homage to God as united members of Christ's Mystic Body. The rubrics, then, are the handmaids of the liturgy, which serve the double purpose of giving religious emotion a fitting outlet and, at the same time, preventing individual sentiment, or love of novelty, from disturbing the prayerful order and dignity of divine worship.

Good Night, My Soul!

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

The day is done. Good night, my soul!
I leave you in His keeping.
Go seek new work for the new day
While I am sleeping . . . sleeping . . .

The night comes on, the shadows fall,
Make ready for your flight.
I close my eyes and safely rest
While you fly toward the light.

But please, come back before I wake
And bring me work to do—
Some new found task to serve my Lord,
To fill His trust in you.

For God and Souls

S. M. T., O. S. B.

Tennyson tells in his "Idylls"
Of Sense at war with Soul,
And puts it before us vividly
That perfection is our goal.

Dear readers, list and remember
That for us perfection lies
In keeping our souls all sinless
And white for Paradise.

In things of the spirit, they tell us,
We may a bit selfish be.
Yet, dying, will be far happier,
At least it seems so to me,

If we, like the good King Arthur,
Go forth with a will to win,
And help to convert poor heathens' souls
While keeping our own from sin.

Oh, let us make nineteen-thirty,—
And this rests with you and with me,—
The richest harvest of pagan souls,
That with God's grace it can be.

My Little House

NANCY BUCKLEY

So small my house is—
So small and white,
But rose-sweet is the garden
With summer at its height.

So small the kitchen—
So small and neat,
Save for the tiny footprints
Of pretty, restless feet.

So small the windows,
But opened wide . . .
So small my house, yet holding
So much of love inside.

O Sacred Banquet, in which Christ is received, the memory of His passion is renewed, the mind is filled with grace, and a pledge of future glory is given us.
—St. Thomas.

"Riches shall not profit in the day of revenge."—Prov. 11:4.

MISERLY

Placidus, O.



OD'S Saints are the shrewdest capitalists of every time and clime. Some of His sainted children seem to have been born into the world gifted with this keen sense of rightly appraising spiritual values, and of making capital of the countless golden opportunities of their short span of life from the first dim dawning of reason. Others, only as graduates of the stern school of costly experience, after proving the fluctuations of worldly wealth, after squandering their God-given patrimony in purchasing sinful gratifications, after the bubbles of empty baubles, to enlarge which they had strained every nerve, had burst, began life over again, making good the past by intensified, concentrated, specialized effort to acquire the only treasure that neither rust nor moth consume, nor thieves steal, stored up in the vaulted heavens above. Each moment witnessed a new deposit in that celestial City's bank: the interest from the deposit made in their name by Christ; the payment of a part of their personal debt by notes of satisfaction; and a goodly sum of merit, stored up in the individual lock boxes for their days of eternal youth. They fixed as goal for themselves the highest aim possible—to become spiritual millionaires, and they made their fortune by strict adherence to the laws regulating their soul's sole business and assuring its success, summed up in the Master's words: "Follow me." They well realized the priceless value of irremeable time as seed for an endless period of fullest life and perfect happiness. Misers they were of every minute. They appreciated the gratuitous gifts of body and soul as temporary loans wherewith to barter until the Master come. They profited to the full by the lavish treasures offered from the overflowing chests of spiritual wealth—the sacraments and sacramentals, and, above all, Holy Mass. With indefaceable lines were traced on their minds these ten business principles, which made them be up early and doing.

1. When thou hearest Mass, thou art thyself in spirit a priest, empowered by Christ to offer the Mass both for thyself and others.
2. By offering this holy sacrifice thou dost present to the Blessed Trinity the most acceptable of all oblations.
3. By this sacrifice thou dost honor God as He alone is worthy to be honored.

"Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven."—St. Matth. 6:20.

MILLIONAIRES

cidus of, O. S. B.

4. Each time thou dost gaze reverently on the Sacred Host thou wilt receive a recompense in heaven.

5. Through thy diligence in hearing Mass thou wilt also obtain corporal and temporal blessings.

6. The remembrance of the Masses heard in thy lifetime will be a sweet solace to thee in the hour of death, and inspire thee with confidence in the divine mercy.

7. They will not be forgotten when thou dost stand before the strict Judge, and will incline Him to show thee favor.

8. One Mass in thy lifetime will be of greater service to thee than many said for thee after death.

9. Thy felicity in heaven will be increased by every Mass thou hearest on earth.

10. *By hearing Mass devoutly thou canst enrich thy soul more than by aught else in the world.*

We are the children of the Saints. Yet, how far we lag behind these heroes in energy and zeal. How poor an understanding we have of the real purpose of our short stay on earth. What little business acumen we possess and manifest for the one thing necessary. How overeager we are to sweat, slave, and squander our faculties and facilities, only to see by the dim glow of the dying ember of life that we have missed our God-given mark, that our life spells spiritual bankruptcy, and that we must appear before the dread Lord of heaven and earth as insolvent debtors.

Futile regrets *then* can be forestalled by wise action *now*. We *can* go to Mass on Sundays and Holidays, because we *must*. We *could* attend the Holy Sacrifice also on weekdays if we *would*. But even if health or occupation make *bodily* attendance at Mass impossible, there is nothing, save a sluggish will, to hinder us from uniting ourselves *in spirit* to, and offering ourselves in union with, the Victim in every Mass celebrated in undying succession the world over each day, thereby milling millions in spiritual wealth for the day of reckoning. If, then, we are spiritual paupers, where lies the fault?

Our Frontispiece

The glad tidings of the kingdom of God was the starting point and the center of our Lord's whole public life. He was sent to announce this kingdom, to induce men by means of His miracles to believe in His Gospel, and to unite all the faithful in this new kingdom. First of all, however, He had to correct the false notion of this divine kingdom so firmly rooted in the minds of His hearers. From the promise of a Redeemer to our first parents down through the ages of preparation for His coming, the various prophetic pronouncements with regard to Him had brought into prominence three characteristics of this kingdom: it must come from heaven, from God; it must be founded and guided by God Himself; it must last forever and include all nations of the earth. Though the spiritual notion of the coming kingdom and of its riches were repeatedly insisted on, these became more and more transformed according to the carnal ideas of a people who were sunk in earthly things.

Christ, therefore, elevates their minds above the things of earth by speaking of the kingdom of God as "the kingdom of Heaven"; that is having its foundation in heaven, whence He, its King and Founder, has descended from the bosom of the Father, and its final consummation again in the home of the blessed, where Jesus Christ will reign forever with the Saints in glory. But this glorious epoch of the triumphant kingdom will be preceded by the preparatory stage of conflict in the kingdom of God on earth.

With His instructions to His listeners on the true characteristics of God's kingdom, Jesus combined the duties of its members. He exhorted His hearers in His smiles to humble and persevering prayer, to vigilance, to the good use of the gifts and graces which had been lent to them by God. Then He emphatically required of them that they should practice meekness, forgiveness of injuries, mercy; they should have a practical love of their neighbor to be manifested in deeds; they must be detached from earthly things and resolute in the service of God.

Finally, He taught His disciples to know the Sovereign of this kingdom Himself. He showed them by most beautiful images His dignity and His sentiments, His position in this kingdom, His dignity as its head and heavenly king. But above all, He allowed them to look into His Divine Heart, and revealed to them the boundless treasures of His mercy and the love which caused Him to become a willing victim for them.—P. K.

Our Movie

The influence for good or evil of the picture thrown on the silver screen and thence impressed on the sensitized imagination and memory of the movie-goer is no theme for argumentation. The fact is too evident to need proof. It is a matter of daily experience that what we see usually makes a deeper impression on us than that what we hear. The mind more readily grasps a truth that is expressed in the visible terms of a picture. Pictures are our first and most interest-

ing lesson books. Hence we have inaugurated a "movie" for you, a slow motion picture to be sure, in the frontispiece of each issue of THE GRAIL, with the avowed purpose of impressing indelibly on your memory some lesson that would so influence your mind and will as to cause you to think and act in accord with the lesson conveyed. These pictures are not drawn at random from a stack of illustrations, as you would a winning number from a chance box, but have been chosen and arranged according to a fixed plan. In case you have missed the scheme of sequence we shall now flash before you a rapid summary of the frontispieces of the past two years together with their lesson.

The opening picture of January, 1928, showed us the *Boy Christ on the road of life*, pointing out the surest, shortest way to Him—to model our whole interior and exterior life on His thoughts, words and deeds, as recorded for us in the holy Gospels, the inspired account of His earthly life. *The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple* by His Mother on the occasion of her purification reminds us of the grave obligations we assumed when we were presented for baptism at the font: to acknowledge God as our sovereign Lord and serve Him alone; to adhere to, and closely imitate, our Savior and Model; to sanctify ourselves ever more and more by the faithful fulfillment of the duties of our state of life.

Our days of innocence passed, we committed our first sin, renounced our allegiance to Christ, and expelled Him from our hearts, His rightful heritage, so forcibly illustrated by *His Flight into Egypt*. But while His creature drives Him from his heart, God does not cease to be his provident Father, repaying his rebellious ingratitude with countless favors, inviting and waiting for his return to Him, in Whom alone his soul can find true peace and rest. Behold the *"Infant Jesus Slumbering in His Mother's Lap."*

Our whole service of God may be summed up in the Benedictine motto: "Ora et Labora—Pray and Work." Prayer is the homage of the soul to her Creator; work, that of the body. Vocal and mental prayer are pleasing to Him, and work also, especially if performed between prayer, or converted into *prayer of deed* by the good intention, and seasoned with the savory salt of ejaculatory prayers. Our Model of both prayer and work is the *Holy Family at Nazareth, the Ideal Family*. *Obedience* is the special virtue of this "earthly trinity," the virtue on which pivots all order in the individual family and the aggregate of families, the state. Obedience is the virtue incumbent on us as creatures, which makes us eager to be about our heavenly Father's business, as Jesus was when, at the age of twelve, *He accompanied His parents to Jerusalem*. After an anxious search of three days Mary and Joseph found their *Child in the Temple*. In our churches we, too, shall find the same Jesus, eternally young, constantly explaining our duties to us and admonishing us to fulfill them. The close of the year finds us again at the feet of Mary with Jesus on her lap, His baby Hands extended in blessing on all the *Arts Assembled to do Him Homage*. Where can we find a nobler exercise of our bodily and spiritual faculties than in the service of our God and King?

The New Year, 1929, was ushered in with the picture of the youth Christ, the index finger of His left Hand pointing to the monogram of the *Holy Name* (IHS)—the first three letters of IHSONS, the Holy Name in Greek—embroidered on His tunic, whilst His right Hand points heavenward. Our first duty on earth is to procure and spread God's glory, in return for which service He will share His kingdom with us. The hidden life of Jesus is past. As a forerunner of His public life, His mission and work as Messiah, we see *St. John the Baptist*, in penitential garb, and hear his clarion call to prepare the way of the Lord by worthy fruits of penance. By penance we regain lost purity, innocence, thereby becoming boon companions of *Our Divine Friend*. In order to encourage us to do penance, Jesus Himself enters the wilderness to fast forty days and forty nights, after which He was *tempted by the devil*, in order to teach us how to overcome our unseen, hell-bent foes. After His fast, whilst He receives *baptism at the hands of John* as the neediest of sinners, the heavens open and the heavenly Father proclaims His Son to be the appointed Teacher and Guide to heaven Whom all must hear. To aid Him in His task of spreading the glad tiding of the kingdom of heaven, *Jesus Chooses His Apostles and Disciples*. The Master has called us to the true faith and bids us follow him on one of the three branches of the road that leads to life: the married state; state of virginity in the world; religious and priestly states. The next picture shows us *Christ Blessing Little Children*, admonishing us not to forbid them to come to Him. From the first dawning of reason Jesus speaks to our hearts and allures us to follow in His footsteps in innocence and simplicity of heart. We must not permit ourselves to be diverted from the true way by the baubles and trinkets of earth, as was *The Rich Young Man*, who did not heed the Savior's loving invitation to a higher life, but went away sad, for "he had great possessions." To go to God quickly and securely we must detach our heart from earthly goods and rivet our soul on Him, by making its three faculties, mind, memory, and will, His constant servants, as did the *Holy Women*, who followed Jesus and ministered to Him of their substance. Our road of life leads through a valley of tears. Hence our Savior, besides fulfilling the duty of Guide to our true home, also wishes to be *Our Comforter*, offering us His own Sacred Heart as pillow for our own.

In order to find the way that leads to life as well as learn our duties to reach that happy end, we must listen to Him Who has said: "I am the Truth." So, after a "close-up" of our *Divine Teacher* (Jan., 1930), we take our place among his eager audience, to listen to His beautiful sermons on the *Kingdom of Heaven*, explained in His simple yet incomparable *Parables*.—P. K.

Manna in the Wilderness

ELIZABETH VOSS

Listening to the Word of God,
The sorrowing, penitent soul
Is like a famished, broken flower

That silver rains make whole;
For every word's a pearl of dew
To vitalize, and slake the thirst
Of way-worn souls.

And fair and new,
Each syllable of every word
Is as manna in the wilderness
For hungry hearts. O troubled soul,
Forget life's fret, and its distress,
And daily trusting, unafraid,
Follow the path His Love has made.

On Painting a Ciborium Cover

CATHERINE MCPARTLIN

I

Small crimson roses, with massed leaves around,
Pink thorns and tendrils, lavender background;
Forgetting art, ambition, dreams and fears,
I paint—the Beauty of Eternal Years.
The Sacred Heart I circle with my brush,
I picture Love in leaping flames that crown
The wound a spear point made, the thorn wreath
brown,

The trickling drops of Blood that from them gush.

My garden-pale of little roses, bless,
O Rose of Sharon! In the years to be
Let these be virtues growing fair for Thee,—
Humility, love, courage, gentleness;
And many hearts be living garden-close
For every petal of each painted rose.

II

Our Lady wove for Christ a seamless garment,
Veronica gave her veil for His blood-stained Face,
Magdalen dried His feet with her bright tresses
And brought white linens to His burial place.
And now may I adorn these strips of satin,
For Love a cloak, for Majesty a veil,
For me and those I love, a plea for mercy
Long days anear the tabernacled Grail.

O Heart of Love, Who watchest as I labor,
Veiling Thy might and splendor for my sake,—
(My heart would swoon at glory of Thy Thabor,
At Calvary's agony would melt and break;)
I am of those who clasped Thy garment's hem,
Rejoicing as a Virtue came to them.

Purity

SR. M. AGNES FINLEY

The flurried play of a snowflake,
The sight of a lone star,
The rapid flight of a white dove,
Symbols are.

But the frail form of a maiden,
Mother—of Jesse's stem—
With a virgin body and virgin soul,
Outshines them.

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—The N. C. W. C. *Bulletin* has now become the N. C. W. C. *Review*. This change of name does indicate a change of policy the management announces.

—The Commissariat of the Holy Land at Washington, D. C., is sponsoring its seventh pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and Europe. Holy Week and Easter will be spent in Jerusalem at the very places where the sacred drama of the Passion and Death of the Savior took place. The Vatican City and Rome, also Oberammergau with its renowned Passion Play, and other places of interest are to be visited by the tourists.

—Louis Wendelin Mihm, who had been connected with St. John's Institute for the Deaf at St. Francis, Wis., near Milwaukee, since 1878, died on Dec. 12 at the age of 81. Prof. Mihm, who was a devout layman, had prepared himself in youth for the teaching profession, which to him was a vocation. *Our Young People*, which is published at the Institute, says that, in recognition of the priestly work he had so long been doing in the hearts of the deaf, Archbishop Messmer conferred minor orders upon him on June 21, 1927.

—The mother house and novitiate of the Missionary Servants of the Blessed Trinity, which was erected at Holy Trinity P. O., near Phenix, Ala., in 1924, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of Jan. 2nd. The loss is estimated at more than \$100,000. The Missionary Servants of the Blessed Trinity is a new sisterhood that was established some twelve years ago in Alabama for the purpose of carrying into the homes of the people of the South the light of the true faith. The South offers an extensive mission field in which considerable illiteracy and widespread bigotry are to be combated. As religious foundations are usually built on an empty purse, in poverty and privation, this fire is a great blow to the movement which has already begun to reap a harvest of souls in the schools. In their sorry plight the Missionary Servants of the Blessed Trinity are deserving of the charity of the faithful.

Eucharistic

The numerous Eucharistic Congresses in our day, whether regional, national, or international, are a source of edification to our fellow religionists and of wonderment to non-Catholics. At these Eucharistic gatherings the faith is professed publicly, devotion is stirred up, love for the Holy Eucharist is enkindled and increased. It was Pope Pius X, the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament, who inaugurated this Eucharistic Age.

The next International Eucharistic Congress, which will meet in the ancient city of Carthage, Northern Africa, from May 7 to 11 of this year, will draw many pilgrims from all parts of the world.

At the close of the year 1929 the Central American Eucharistic Congress was held in Nicaragua. It was estimated that 100,000 persons were in attendance. The Apostolic Internuncio to Central America arrived from Costa Rica by the latest mode of travel—the airplane.

Archbishop Hombach, of Honduras, also "flew" to the Congress.

In recent years Mexico banished Christ from church and altar. But since the Church has again acquired a foothold in that country, Catholic faith is manifesting itself anew. Only a few weeks ago the catechetical instruction league, which bears the name of St. Francis Xavier, prepared 400 boys and girls for their first Holy Communion, which was to be given them in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe. So many other children came also to the same Basilica with the intention of going to Holy Communion on the happy occasion that 4,000 were fed the Eucharistic Bread.

Another edifying Eucharistic incident comes from Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash. In the last game played by the 1929 football team, Wayne Shields, a star guard, sustained a broken nose and two broken ribs. Pneumonia set in. That the patient would survive the night of Dec. 1 was doubted by attending physicians. When this became known, resident students of the university formed an all-night vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. Day students did likewise. On the morrow the patient was somewhat improved; five days later his recovery seemed certain. On the first Friday of December the students of the university kept an all-day vigil before the Blessed Sacrament as an expression of thanks to Our Divine Savior for the great favor granted.

A National Eucharistic Congress was held at Manila in the Philippine Islands from Dec. 13 to 15.

On October third five priests and three Brothers of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament left New York for Chicago on their way to Australia for the purpose of opening a house of their Society on the other side of the world and of inaugurating perpetual adoration in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi at Melbourne. It was at the invitation, and the request, of Archbishop Mannix that the Society of the Blessed Sacrament has undertaken this new foundation. The Church of St. Francis of Assisi was erected in 1842 when Australia was evolving from a penal colony.

Benedictine

—The celebration of the fourteenth centenary of Monte Cassino, which opened on March 21st, 1929, was brought to a fitting close on Nov. 13th, the feast of All Saints of the Benedictine Order. Cardinal Lepicier, O. S. M., was invited to officiate at Pontifical High Mass on the noteworthy occasion. On the following day, which is All Souls of the Order, the Holy Sacrifice was offered up for the deceased of the whole Order. The Abbot Primate and a number of other Abbots attended the closing ceremonies.

—Rev. Joseph Zwendt, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession on December 8th. The renewal of the vows took place during Pontifical High Mass. Father Joseph is a native of Switzerland.

—Dom Basil Fellmann, Abbot of Engelberg Abbey in Switzerland, died on Dec. 1st. Eleven days later his successor was elected in the person of Dom Bonaventure

Egger, S. T. D., of the same Abbey. The new Abbot is a nephew of Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee.

—There died at St. Scholastica Convent, Chicago, on the fifth of January, Sister Mary Rose, O. S. B., an octogenarian, whose eighty years were full of events. At the time of the great Chicago fire she was a young religious and a teacher in the city. Sent in the early eighties with a band of Sisters to make a foundation in Colorado, she endured with remarkable heroism the hardships of pioneer life: poverty, reverses, and the unpleasantnesses of the notorious A. P. A. movement. Her persistent efforts, however, were crowned with success, for, in spite of the many obstacles to be surmounted, she was finally enabled to establish the now flourishing Academy of St. Scholastica at Canon City. Sr. Mary Rose returned to Chicago to spend the remainder of her days at the mother house. R. I. P.

—The presenting to the Holy Father of the first three volumes of *Orate Fratres*, by Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, of Collegeville, Minn., called forth through Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, a warm letter of commendation from His Holiness. The Holy Father sees in this fostering of the liturgical apostolate the continuation of "the glorious Benedictine tradition and that there is emanating from this abbey an inspiration that tends to elevate the piety of the faithful by leading it back to the pure fountains of the sacred liturgy." The closing paragraph of his letter expresses the wish for an abundant harvest in this movement and confers the Apostolic Blessing.

(Contributed)

On the occasion of 1100th anniversary of the coming of St. Ansgar to Scandinavia, it was probably the first time since the "Reformation" that Benedictines were seen in Scandinavia, once so full of monasteries. Among the many dignitaries at the jubilee were two Benedictine abbots. Moreover, Dom A. Mager, O. S. B., of the Archabbey of Beuron and professor at the University of Salzburg, spoke before a distinguished audience of scientists and officials in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, where Catholics are few.

The Benedictine Sisters have opened a new hospital at Russell, Manitoba. This is the only hospital within a radius of 100 miles.

Dom John Ujlaki, O. S. B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., has been commissioned to write seventy scriptural articles for the new Hungarian Encyclopedia.

Four Benedictine Fathers of the Congregation of St. Ottilien and eleven Sisters of the Benedictine mission house at Tutzing, Bavaria, are at present studying in England to obtain the teacher's diploma, required by the British Government for mission school work in Africa. In past years a number of Fathers and Sisters have been awarded this diploma.

Benedictine Martyrs Beatified

December 15, 1929, was a day of rejoicing for Catholics in general and for English Catholics in particular, for on that auspicious day the Holy Father pronounced

at Rome 136 martyrs "Blessed." These had shed their blood between the years 1543 and 1829 on English soil in testimony of their faith. Of the total number beatified on this occasion sixty-five were secular priests, who had been apprehended ministering in secret to the faithful, twenty-one were Jesuits, eight Benedictines, two Franciscans, and one Minim of St. Francis de Paul.

Here follow the names of the Benedictine martyrs together with the dates of their deaths:

Blessed Mark Barthworth, of the province of Lincoln, who abjured heresy, and became a priest at the College of Valladolid, Spain, later entering the Order of St. Benedict. On Feb. 26, 1601, he was hanged at Tyburn and quartered.

Blessed Bartholomew Alban Roe, of Suffolk, embraced the faith while a student of the University of Cambridge. Going to the College at Douay, and then entering the Order of St. Benedict, he was ordained to the priesthood. His martyrdom by hanging took place at Tyburn on Jan. 21, 1652.

Six others of the beatified belonged to the Abbey of St. Gregory at Douay, which was later on transferred to Downside, England:

Blessed George Gervase, a convert to the faith, was born of a noble family in Sussex. After his ordination at Douay, he entered the Order of St. Benedict. His death took place at Tyburn on April 11, 1608.

Blessed John Roberts, born of a noble, non-Catholic family at Merioneth in North Wales, embraced the faith. Feeling a call to the priesthood and to the religious state, he entered the Order of St. Benedict at Valladolid, Spain. Having returned to his country for a fifth time (being banished four times), he was apprehended, hanged at Tyburn on Dec. 10, 1610. The body was cut down, disemboweled, and quartered. During one of his banishments Blessed John helped to found the Benedictine community of St. Gregory at Douay.

Blessed Maurus Scott was born of Protestant parents in Essex. Converted to the faith by Blessed John Roberts, he went to Spain, became a Benedictine, and was ordained to the priesthood. On May 30, 1612, he suffered martyrdom at Tyburn with a secular priest, Blessed Thomas Newport. Both were executed by hanging, disemboweling, and quartering.

Blessed Ambrose Barlow, born of a noble family at Manchester, studied at Douay, where he also became a Benedictine and a priest. After laboring for twenty years in and about Lancashire, he was imprisoned in Lancaster Castle. There he was hanged and quartered on Sept. 10, 1641.

Blessed Philip Powel, who was born at Brecknockshire in 1594, went to Douay, where he entered St. Gregory's monastery and was ordained to the priesthood. Having labored more than twenty years in England, he was finally seized and condemned to death. Execution took place at Tyburn, where he was hanged on June 16th, 1646.

Blessed Thomas Pickering, a lay brother of St. Gregory's monastery, Douay, was seized in London, where he was acting in the capacity of steward to the Benedictine Fathers at Somerset House. On May 9th, 1679, he was hanged at Tyburn and quartered.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Can any priest perform an exorcism at any time?—Council Bluffs, Ia.

The late well-known case of exorcism in Iowa probably prompted your question. Before his ordination to the major orders of subdeaconship, deaconship, and priesthood, every priest is ordained to the minor orders, amongst which is that of exorcist. In virtue of this order, every priest may perform the ordinary exorcisms that are conditional to Baptism and various blessings of the Church. However, for exorcisms of a more pronounced or extraordinary character, the permission of the Bishop of the diocese is obtained.

When was the authenticity of the Bible which Catholics use established?—McPherson, Kans.

The canonicity of the Catholic Bible was determined by the Catholic Church in the fourth century.

Who is the Patron Saint of writing religious books?—Dayton, Ohio.

As such there is no specified Patron Saint for writers of religious books. Saint Francis De Sales is the Patron of newspaper writers; Saint Thomas Aquinas is considered the Patron of all philosophical writers, and Saint Alphonsus Ligouri is frequently invoked as Patron of ascetical writings. The editor of this column does not hesitate to add that the great Saint Theresa, in virtue of her splendid learning and wonderful writings, would be fitly invoked by feminine writers. You might call upon any one of these four for help in your work.

Is the sacrament of confirmation a condition for valid marriage?—Brunswick, Mo.

A Catholic may be validly married without having received the sacrament of confirmation. However, Canon Law enjoins that it is proper for a Catholic to be confirmed before receiving the sacrament of matrimony.

Who was the founder of the religion known as Christian Science and when did he start his religion?—Covington, La.

The author of Christian Science happens to be a woman. Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy founded this cult in the year 1879. She was born in New Hampshire in 1821 and died in 1910. Christian Science is a moral and religious system founded on the principles formulated by Mrs. Eddy, with a method of treating diseases mentally. It is, of course, a false system of religion.

Is a person ever obliged to make a general confession?—Little River, Kans.

Yes, there is one case where a person is obliged to make a general confession. It may be well to state

first what is a general confession. By a general confession is meant one that goes back, not only to the last confession, but over several or all the confessions of one's life. If a person has knowingly made a bad confession and has never rectified the matter, then he is obliged to go back over every confession to the last good confession he made before making the bad confession. By way of counsel all spiritual doctors and writers advise those who make a mission or retreat to go back over all the confessions to at least the last general confession.

What is the Raccolta? I heard a priest mention that word lately?—Kansas City, Mo.

The word "Raccolta" is Italian and means a collection. The "Raccolta" is a collection of prayers and good works to which the Sovereign Pontiffs have attached holy indulgences. These are found in a volume that was published by order of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, in the year 1898. New editions or revisions of the "Raccolta" are all based on this first edition.

On December 1st in 1929 I heard a priest say in his sermon that this was New Year's Day in the Church. Was he right?—Wien, Mo.

Yes, he was. The Church or ecclesiastical year begins on the first Sunday of Advent. Since the first Sunday of Advent in the year 1929 was Dec. 1st, the statement of the priest was correct. On New Year's Day, as observed by our present era on Jan. 1st, the Church celebrates the Feast of the Circumcision of the Savior.

What religious order for ladies helps to convert sinners and takes care of the friendless who are in trouble and necessity?—Dayton, Ohio.

There is no institute of religious women whose particular work covers all the points in your question. The Good Shepherd Sisters care for fallen girls and women; the Little Sisters of the Poor care for the indigent aged, and the Sisters of Mercy do a great deal of charity for those in trouble and need. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that all religious communities, both of men and women, do much to alleviate the distress of the needy.

How long should one fast before going to communion at the midnight Mass on Christmas Day?—Leavenworth, Kans.

Whilst nothing is absolutely commanded in this connection, it is considered the reverential thing to the Blessed Sacrament to at least fast from the evening meal. One reason why midnight Mass is prohibited in many dioceses is precisely because people indulge in eating and especially in drinking up to the time of receiving Holy Communion at the midnight Mass on Christmas Day.

Why do those entering a religious order always change their given name?—Atchison, Kans.

In many of the religious communities the names are not changed upon entrance. For example, the Jesuit, Redemptorist, Vincentian Fathers, etc. In most communities of women and some of men, the religious are designated by a given name. To avoid confusion a different name is given to each religious. However, there are some cases, even in these communities, where the religious retains his or her own given name, provided there is no such name in the community at the time.

(Continued on page 470)



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

FEBRUARY AND THE MISSIONS

February is a month of many special feasts and commemorations: first, there is the Purification or Candlemas, then St. Blase, Our Lady of Lourdes, Lincoln's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day, the Flight into Egypt, and last, but not least, George Washington's Birthday. But we ought to remind ourselves of the missions every day, because, as Jesus said, "The poor we have always with us," and these Indians are the poorest of the poor, and we ought to obey Christ's injunction to "teach all nations," if not by going out to the missions personally, at least by having them always in mind, and sending all the help possible. Those who can send nothing else, can always send prayers in abundance—they cost nothing, and turn into gold and jewels for our own crown in heaven.

The various feasts of February may each have their own reference to the missions, too, and we can pray on each of these days in a special way. For instance, on Candlemas, we may pray that the entire Indian race may some day be purified by the cleansing waters of Baptism; on St. Blase's Day we may pray for all those poor Indians who have throat trouble and the beginning of tuberculosis, which is so common among these poor, neglected people; on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, we may call to mind that the Blessed Virgin manifested herself not to a fine, rich, educated girl, but to a poor simple child, who, even on her trips for firewood, always carried her rosary with her, and prayed it; so also are the Indians poor, simple children, very dear to the Heart of God, because He manifests Himself not to the proud and arrogant, but "to the humble and the simple." Lincoln's Birthday ought to remind us of the pity and compassion which throbbled in that great man's gentle heart, so that we, too, might feel a deep sympathy for the red man, just as Lincoln felt sorry for the Negro. On St. Valentine's Day, we might send our Lord a Valentine of Love by mailing an alms or a bundle of clothing to some mission, for "whatsoever you have done to the least of these His little ones, you have done to Him."

Then, on the seventeenth, we may contemplate the Flight into Egypt, and remember that, just as Jesus, Mary, and Joseph became exiles in Egypt, the red man, too, is an exile from the rich lands he once owned, but of which he has been despoiled, not receiving a square deal from the white man in return. No exile is very happy, and the old chief's must surely spend many sad moments thinking of the days gone by, when they were masters of wood and field and river, healthy and robust, instead of the sickly, tuberculous race they now are, having been pushed aside like so much chaff, by a race which crushed them to helplessness, and now does little or nothing for them. For the few missionaries who are now in the field cannot nearly cope with the tremendous task of teaching and uplifting and regenerating this pitiable race, who have souls just as we have.

George Washington's Birthday should remind us that, as the Father of his Country, he stands for all

that is great and good and lofty in the ideals of our land, and that to make good citizens of our Indians ought to be our one great aim. Our missionaries, by teaching the Faith to these poor children of the prairie, and enlightening them in what is right and wrong, are automatically making good, law-abiding citizens of them, since religion has more effect upon them than all the secular teaching in the world could ever have.

S. O. S.—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father Justin writes a hurried note to say that the mission is nearly out of clothing for the Indian children and that they have no clothing for the old people. If those who read these lines would send him some old clothing that is still serviceable, they would perform an act of mercy by clothing the naked. The need is urgent, especially as the present winter in South Dakota is extremely cold. Father says: "Our water pipes, which are four or five feet under the ground, froze up a few days ago. The school is very big this year, bigger than ever. On the reservation the Indians are in bad shape, almost starving. I am broke, not only broke but smashed, just living on hope and trying to inspire others with the same virtue." Parcel post will reach Father Justin at Stephan, S. D. Freight should be sent via Highmore, S. D.



Three Little Maids from School armed with brooms to sweep the mission church

A CRY FOR MISSIONARIES

With 349,595 Indians on the reservations, and only about 100,000 of these Catholics, it can readily be seen that there is need for more workers, in order to reach all those Indians who are too far from the missions. For the priests now in the field are overworked—each has four or five districts or more to look after, and these are far apart, often taking a half day or more to be reached. There is a total of 340 churches and chapels, but only 90 schools; not all the churches have schools attached, and those who attend these schoolless chapels must often send their children very far to the mission school nearest them. Sometimes they do not see their children for months—often not from September to June. The reason—not enough nun-teachers, and not enough funds with which to build schools. But some sort of school might easily be erected were teachers available.

So the main need just now is—missionaries; priests and brothers and nuns. A hard life? Perhaps, but not any harder than many a person living in the world with financial troubles, or sickness, or lack of work, or loss of dear ones through death. All these earthly troubles are left outside the door of the convent; they touch the inmates but lightly, if at all, since they are all wrapped up in Christ, and they live for heaven alone. The life of self-sacrifice of a missionary has its own sweet compensations—absolute liberty and freedom from all earthly trammellings, a lightness and sweetness of heart that is unknown by those weighted down by the clouds of earthly worries. For those consecrated to Christ renounce all earthly things at once, therefore, not owning anything, they can never more be disappointed or anxious over things they have nothing to do with.

"After all," said a mission nun in speaking of the lives of missionaries, "after all, there is much of natural joy and satisfaction in this surrender to a high and noble ideal. To feel that your ordinary daily routine of life, simple and commonplace though it is in itself, will help make life as a whole, better and brighter and more hopeful, is surely more satisfying than living only for one's own pleasure in ease and comfort."

Pray that the Lord may send more laborers to His vineyard!

LETTER BOX

Dear Father Ambrose:—

I have read in the Grail of your new school building and also of the kitchen utensils you are in need of. So I told several girls with whom I work about your mission and we organized a club, which we call "The Mission Girls," each member paying 10¢ a week, and we also all donated something toward the kitchen shower which I am sending you.

The Mission Girls are doing all they can, and if there is anything more needed, let us know, and we will do our best to help you out. We hope the shower will meet with your satisfaction and wishing to hear from you, we remain,

THE MISSION GIRLS,

Per M. S., Berwyn, Ill.

Fine, girls; read a little further on about the second-hand organ, victrola, and radio we are going to try to get for Father Ambrose.

Dear Father Ambrose,

Am sending you a money order for the first payment on the bed I promised to donate to the School of the Little Flower. May the little occupant enjoy many peaceful hours of sleep in it! With kindest regards and good wishes, I remain,

Sincerely,

M. A. O'C., Louisville, Ky.

Dear Rev. Father:—

Enclosed find check for twenty dollars. Please use it for a bed for an Indian child, or some other comfort for a little Indian child. Please have the children pray for very special intentions. I am hoping they will be granted this month.

Sincerely,

Mrs. H. K., Weehawken, N. J.

Dear Father Ambrose:—

Please pray that my son will not have to undergo an operation, but that if he should have to undergo it, it may not be serious, but may be successful. The Little Flower cured him of tuberculosis some time ago. Please pray that he may return to the sacraments. Please publish also the cure from tuberculosis of another man, a Protestant friend. He is able to go to work again and feels fine.

Respectfully,

Mrs. D. W. H., St. Paul, Minn.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that the children are getting along finely in their new school, very happy to be there after their long wait of two years without any "Sisters' school" as they call it. But, he states, there are still many vacancies and bare spots in the building. For one thing, the walls are bare of pictures. He would like those of our readers who have any pictures they no longer want (framed ones) of Our Lord and the saints, of Lincoln, Washington, or other great men, landscapes, or other interesting subjects, together with crucifixes to hang on the wall, to send them to Seven Dolors, so as to make the place more homelike.

He would like also a victrola to give the children pleasure during their play hours, an organ for the chapel (secondhand), and if possible, a radio. Those wishing to send donations for these articles may do so, sending them to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas Street, St. Louis, Mo., and we will see that these articles are purchased. They may be obtained very cheaply in this city. Or whoever has such an instrument he wishes to donate, write us.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father Justin Snyder acknowledges receipt of money for new oven from the following: Clara, Milwaukee, Wis., \$1.00; Miss Cecelia Siepen, Evansville, Ind., \$3.00; A Friend, Bradford, Ind., \$1.00; and Mrs. J. C. McGinnis, Chicago, Ill., \$2.00. Many thanks to these dear friends for helping. Father states that he still has not enough money to purchase the oven, though the need becomes greater every day. But with the help of God and kind friends, he hopes to be able soon to get it. Send donations to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., or direct to Father Justin. Mark "Oven Fund."

SILVER FOIL

This month our many good friends have outdone themselves in sending silver foil to be converted into money for the missions. They are: G. Lorber, Wintonka, S. Dak.; Miss Bernice Fisher, St. Meinrad, Ind.; Mrs. H. Siemon, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Trapp, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. J. S. Hagan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. A. P. Kiesewetter, Phila., Pa.; E. Maroney, Bayonne, N. J.; Mrs. Jos. Nicolode, Ironwood, Mich.; Mrs. H. J. Knaggs, Erie, Mich.; Mrs. Frances Nitschman, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. E. Games, Moundsville, W. Va.; A. Miller, Kansasville, Wis.; Mrs. Mary Hillenmeyer, Lexington, Ky. A nice package of silver foil came from Miss Margaret Powell, Chicago, Ill., who writes that it was gathered by the children of her neighborhood, some of them only four years old. Isn't

(Continued on page 470)



NOBODY—ONLY MOTHER

Nobody knows of the stitches it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody thinks of our little aches;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows what makes work sweet,
And the home so free from bother;
Nobody tries all our wants to meet;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody smiles with face so bright,
Ready to welcome father,
When weary and tired he comes at night;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the worries and cares
To keep bright in cloudy weather,
By sitting up late and mending tears;
Nobody—only mother.

No one so ready our faults to forgive,
And make us try to do better,
Or teach us how pure lives to live,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows how to soothe our pain,
That in childhood or later we suffer,
And for loving sympathy—still the refrain,
There's nobody like our mother.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Do not all good children like to see the picture of the Infant Jesus riding with His Mother on the donkey and to be told the story of how He had to flee into Egypt? They are glad to hear how the Little Infant escaped the cruel death that the wicked Herod had planned, but they feel so sorry for the many innocent little boys under two years of age who were killed by order of the cruel king. The feast of the Flight into Egypt is observed by the church in February, while that of the Holy Innocents always comes three days after Christmas. These were the first martyrs for the new-born king of Heaven.

The law of Moses, which was followed by the Jews, who were the chosen people of God, directed that every child must be presented to the Lord forty days after its birth. Therefore, Mary and Joseph took the little Child Jesus with them to the temple of Jerusalem to do as the law required. They carried with them also a pair of turtle doves, which was the usual offering made by the poor.

A holy man named Simeon was living in Jerusalem

at this time. He was eagerly looking forward to the coming of the Messiah, for the Holy Spirit had given him to understand that he should not die until he had seen the promised Redeemer.

When Mary and Joseph presented the Infant Jesus in the temple, Simeon was also in the temple, and when he saw the Divine Babe, he lifted his eyes toward heaven and said, "Now, Thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace; because my eyes have seen thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people, Israel."

He then blessed Mary and Joseph, and to Mary he said, "Behold, this child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that, out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed." The prophetess Anna, who spent her time in the temple, was likewise present. She gave praise to the Lord, and spoke of the Blessed Infant to all who were looking for the redemption of Israel.

Now that they had done as the law required, Mary and Joseph returned to Galilee to their own city of Nazareth, and dwelt there in peace. Although Jesus was not bound by the laws of men, He with Mary and Joseph have given us a lesson in obedience to the laws of the Church and the laws of the land.

I'LL PRAY FOR THEE

REV. P. K.

The mighty bond of prayer unites
Two friends, where'er they be;
It spans the breach of time and space,
My friend, I'll pray for thee.

When at the altar I renew
Christ's death on Calvary,
With hands to God uplifted there,
My friend, I'll pray for thee.

And when the carved marble bears
Thy name and R. I. P.,
Then at thy ivy-shrouded grave,
My friend, I'll pray for thee.

But should I quit this life before
Thee, for eternity—
There, mindful of your friendship true,
My friend, I'll pray for thee.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FEBRUARY

A missionary, writing from China on Feb. 15, 1929, has the following interesting things to say:

"We are in the midst of the Chinese big feast—Chinese New Year. Every one's birthday comes on this day. Should a child be born in even the last hour of the last day of the old year it would be two years old on New Year's. New Year came on Sunday, Feb. 10th. Every store was closed. All work stopped. But it was not quiet! It was like many Fourth of Julys in one. Oh! the firecrackers!! At midnight I was awakened by a vast broadside of large and small firecrackers and they kept it up for days. In the morning the ground was covered as by red snow—the "confetti" of exploded fireworks. Firecrackers are but a part of the feast—the noisy part.

"The last day of the year every body is busy—the men at closing up their accounts. All bills must be collected and all debts paid. Woe be to the man who does not pay his debts. The women are very busy. The house must be made as clean as a pin and decorated, and the brooms hidden—bad luck if they appear on New Year. Before the New-Year sun rises all kinds of food must be gotten ready! Guests—many—will come during those days and they must be feasted. Few people see slumber the last night of the old year. But when the sun rises, calm reigns over the household. As one walks out between 6 and 9 a. m. the whole town is asleep. Sunday indeed! But excitement arouses them and about 10 o'clock you'll find the streets alive with people dressed in their best 'bib and tucker' and you hear, 'Kong Hyi Fah-dzai'—'Congratulations and abounding wealth to you!' shouted from one to another. The closed doors are plastered with appropriate sayings written on blood-red strips of paper. Go to open spaces of the city and see crowds encircling puppet shows, acrobats, monkey performers, squirming dragons, entertainers of all kinds, and peddlars of sweets and children's toys—Vanity Fair! Go to the temples and you find thousands burning incense and candles before all the idols, praying for wealth, old age, and bliss.

"One interesting god connected with the New Year is the 'god of wealth' which is worshipped especially on the 5th—his birthday. The money spent on firecrackers in his honor would pay China's national debt. Few begin work again until he is properly worshipped. Another is the kitchengod. He is a paper god and sits over the stove in the kitchen where he spies on the doings of the family for a year. On the 23rd of the twelfth month he is given a big feast. Sweet syrup is put on his mouth and he is put in a beautiful paper sedan chair and burned in glorious style, accompanied by fireworks—which is sending him to the 'upper god' to report on their year's doings—all this fuss and sweetness is to bribe him to speak well of their family to his majesty. When he returns on the last night of the old year—a new idol is bought and placed with little ceremony—in the old niche—it will be a year before he reports again—why 'taffy' him now?

"Next to idol worship gambling takes a big place in New Year celebrations—gambling everywhere! What they eat and drink, and the firecrackers, and gambling, all, in some way or other, symbolize or point to the sound 'Kao-sen'—excelsior! in the sense of rising high

in wealth and station—especially in wealth. It's indeed a wonderfully interesting time, and is indulged in even by beggars—for they receive a harvest of alms.

"The Nationalist Government ordered that Chinese New Year should not be observed this year (1929). It might as well have tried to turn back the greatest tidal wave of history! National commands stop the observance of Chinese New Year's customs! Only the conversion of these people to Christ will stop this idol worship and lead to the worship of the true God. And to us the glad part of it is that each year more leave the false and adopt the true as the Chinese one by one are born anew. We are not discouraged. Pray much for China."

'Twas in a Garden

By OSCAR J. F. SEITZ

'Twas in a garden God first walked with man;
'Twas in a garden where the fruit trees grew;
And there it was that man's first sin began!
'Twas in a garden when the world was new.

'Twas in a garden Jesus knelt in prayer;
'Twas in a garden where the olives grew;
And Jesus felt the traitor's death-kiss there!
'Twas in a garden when the stars were few.

'Twas in a garden Jesus woke from death;
'Twas in a garden where the lilies grew;
And all the flowers awakened at His breath!
'Twas in a garden fresh with morning dew.—Ex.

LETTER BOX

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

It seems funny to call you Aunt and not know you. But I know in a short time we will be great friends.

Aunt Agnes, I'm not trying for a Fidelity pin but just writing to ask you to put my letter in "The Grail." I sure would be thrilled to see it in your magazine. I will answer all the letters the Cornerites write to me. It doesn't make any difference if boys or girls write.

What is the trouble with your nephews? There are never any letters from boys in "The Grail."

Well, Aunt Agnes, you have so many other letters to read so I will close.—With Love, (Bernice) Babe Yehl, Morton Grove, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the first time I am writing to you. The main reason I am writing is to give advice to the Cornerites. Where are the boys? Are the girls the only ones that can write letters? All the time I am reading "The Grail" I have never seen a letter from a boy. Come on, boys let's see what you can do.—Hoping to see this letter in "The Grail," I am, Your loving niece, Eleanor Winandy, Morton Grove, Ill.

P. S. I will be glad to answer letters from all Cornerites, boys and girls.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I would like to become a member of your Children's Corner. I sure am interested in writing to pen pals, so I wish some of the "Cornerites" of my age (18) to write me.

Hoping to become your niece, Sincerely yours, Socorro Tinoka, Daraga, Albay, Philippine Islands.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

In the Nov. issue of the "Grail" I have read that I didn't leave a margin. I am sorry to hear this, but I will try again. My sister, Marie's, button was wonderful and she also received several correspondents through this club. I hope I will receive a "Fidelity Button." I am now, at present, sending letters to several nice girls. I hope my letter will miss the wastebasket, this time. I remain, Your loving niece, Rita De Roller, 128 Alphonse St., Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I've written to you before and I enjoy being a member of this wonderful club, the "Corner." I am corresponding with two interesting girls, Agatha Schulte of Jud, North Dakota, and Regina Mikucka of Chicago, Illinois.

About a month ago, a storm passed through Jasper and it blew over an old landmark. This was a big stone cross, standing in St. Joseph's Church-yard; it was eighty-one (81) years old. Here is the history of it:

In 1848 a group of German people left Germany to come to America. It took them quite a while to cross the Atlantic, and when they had been on the ocean a few days, a terrible storm arose, and all gave themselves up as lost. Then a man, who was a sculptor, made a promise, that if they would be saved, he would erect a cross in thanksgiving at the place where he would settle. The ship landed safely and the people settled at Jasper. The next year the sculptor put up this cross, which has stood both in good and bad weather for almost eighty-two years. Now it has fallen into pieces. I think they intend to try to fix it again, if it is possible.

Jasper is about 19 miles from St. Meinrad, the "Home of the Grail." It is a nice drive from here over there and we often drive over. There are about six or seven Jasper boys there now studying for the priesthood.

We had our Forty Hours Devotion the first week in December. Father Alcuin, O. S. B., of Mount Angel, Oregon, gave the sermons. We have it at this time every year.

I am fifteen years old and am a Sophomore in High School. We are having semester exams this week, our half-year being over. I hope I'll pass in all of my subjects, which are: Latin II, History II (World History) English II, and Music.

I'd like to correspond with some more "Cornerites." I promise to answer every letter I receive. Aunt Agnes, I have never received a Fidelity Button, although I have written two letters to you, one of which has been published.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am, Your loving niece, Mary Wuchner, 322 E. 5th St., Jasper, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—You have written an interesting letter, Mary. The editor of THE GRAIL has often seen the large stone crucifix that you describe. At the time of the recent Forty Hour Devotion you mention he wondered what had become of this crucifix.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is my first attempt at writing to your "Corner." I have been reading the letters other girls and boys have written and enjoyed them very much, also hope they will correspond with me. We do not take The Grail, but my aunt does, so I get a chance to read it every month and certainly do enjoy it... I attend The

Jefferson High School at Jefferson, Wisconsin. Hoping my letter finds favor in your sight, I remain, Your brand new niece, Helene Ganser, 1003 Center St., Jefferson, Wis.

Dear Aunt Agnes.

"Knock! knock!" can we enter your department. It's about time some of us men get in, the girls are ahead of us with letters, altho like a gentleman I must say I enjoy their letters. My brother and I go to St. Martins School. Sunday we saw a very fine motion picture in our school hall "Rin Tin Tin in Clash of the Wolves." That dog is clever.

Perhaps the cornerites would be interested in my cat 'Monkey.' He's just an alley cat, but mother keeps him scrubbed clean.

At meal time he runs for his high chair and we put his napkin around his neck and he eats at the table and never drops a bit on the table cloth.

After he is through we wipe his whiskers off with his napkin and he gets down and washes himself.

We have a racing game and he sends the little cars spinning around the track then watches the score we set down for him with great interest. Best of wishes and luck to the corner.

Edward and Lawrence Edwards (10 and 11 years of age), 5618 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes;

We have been taking the "Grail" for a short time, and I find myself greatly interested in the Children's Corner and Letter Box.

I would like to become a Cornerite. I am fifteen years of age and would like to hear from the Cornerite boys and girls of my own age or older. I will be glad to answer all letters.—Your new niece, Clare Sobacki, 106 W. 4th St., Bayonne, N. J.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

May I join the Corner? I hail from Kentucky and hope I will be admitted. We haven't been taking the Grail very long, but as I was looking through it this afternoon I noticed the Letter Box.

There were some mighty good letters and interesting one's too. I nearly forgot to tell my age. I am eighteen years old and have graduated from St. Vincent De Paul's and a two-year high school course. I would like for every boy and girl in the Corner to write to me and I will assure you of an answer.

I live in Louisville, the largest city of the state. If you want to see some "real" scenery come down and look. There is the Blue Grass Region, Mammoth Cave, and the Kentucky Knobs. You will call your trip well spent. I have not seen any letters from Kentucky, but I suppose there are lots of boys and girls that write. Here is hoping that my letter will dodge the wastebasket and that I will soon be a member of the Corner. Wishing all success, Sincerely, Anna Mae Klein, 726 Baroness Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This is my first letter to the corner and I hope it is accepted. I am fifteen years old and would like to hear from the boys and girls about my age. I would like to win a Fidelity Button. Wishing the "Corner" success, I am, Your new niece, Geraldine Springer, 3503 Beach Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This is the first time I am writing to the "Corner" and I hope my letter will be accepted. I would be happy if I could win a Fidelity Button. I do not get the magazine, but my girl friend, Geraldine Springer,

loaned me her magazine to read. I was especially enjoying the "Corner" so I thought I would write to you and see if I could win a Fidelity Button.—Your new niece, Georgian Mueller, 3505 Beach Ave., Chicago.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

This is the first letter I have written to you and hope it is welcome. I am thirteen years old, and attend the Holy Trinity School, which is taught by the Precious Blood Sisters. I belong to the Children of Mary Sodality. We have been receiving the Grail for two years.

Dear cornerites, please, write to me at once. I will answer all letters.

Aunt Agnes, I will close now, hoping to see my letter in print.—I remain, Marie D. Racich, 3511 Deodar St., Indiana Harbor, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have read your notice stating that those who have not received their "Fidelity Button," should write in about it.

I am sorry to say that I have not received mine. My letter was published during the summer months, and my name was listed under the "Fidelity Button Winners."

I have made quite a number of friends through the "Corner." They have one and all written me most interesting letters, and, Aunt Agnes, I would like to receive many more.

I am still attending Business School, and I am living in hopes of graduating this coming June.

I know you will forward my pin on receipt of this letter, and I hope that this will win for me another "Fidelity Button."

Wishing you continued success in everything you undertake, I am, Sincerely yours, Margaret Moselly, 149 Morningside Ave., New York, N. Y.

My dear Aunt Agnes:

In the December issue of "The Grail," I noticed I had won a Fidelity Pin, but I have never received mine. From the enthusiasm of those who have got theirs, I'm sure they must be very, very beautiful.

Here's hoping I may receive mine without further delay. Thanking you in advance, I am, Lovingly yours, Lucille Sullivan, 1736 Garfield Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

Note: Button late in being mailed. You doubtless have received it by now.

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Raphael Sanzio

(Continued from page 476)

and as man, there is a look of sweetness and repose. Mrs. Jamieson, a noted art critic, says: "The little cherub face of three years old is not more serene and angelic than the same features at thirty. The child whom father and mother, guardian and stepmother, caressed and idolized, in his loving innocence, was the same being whom we see in his manhood subduing and reigning over all hearts so that, to borrow the words of a contemporary, "not only men, but the very brutes loved him."

Raphael did not stay long in Florence on this first visit, but while there he made friends with Fra Bartolomeo and several other noted artists with whom he afterwards kept up a deep and

lasting friendship. As for Fra Bartolomeo, the visit of the gifted young painter was a very godsend to him. He was a very holy monk, and after having been a famous artist for years, he had been so broken down by great sorrows and anxieties that, in spite of his superiors' entreaties and commands, he had almost given up his art and lost all interest in it. Raphael's friendship and advice were as balm to his wounded heart. The young painter taught him many things of which he had been ignorant until then, and from that time forward, cheered and encouraged by his gifted young friend, Fra Bartolomeo took up his work again with renewed zeal and delight.

It was during this visit to Florence that Raphael saw for the first time some of the grand cartoons of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. He admired them immensely, and they opened up to him a whole world of new ideas on form and composition. He was entirely free from jealousy, and though he was no copyist, he never lost an opportunity of learning from others and perfecting his art in every way.

In the following year, when only twenty-one, he received orders for several large pictures for different churches at Perugia and about the same time he painted many other pictures which are now almost priceless in value. After he had completed these orders, he returned to Florence where he remained several years, and during that time, that is before he was twenty-five, he finished many of his most exquisite canvases, among them the Madonna of the Palm Tree and the Madonna of the Goldfinch, so called because the little St. John is offering a goldfinch to the Divine Infant. Another very famous picture of his, a highly prized treasure in the Louvre Gallery in Paris, is called "La belle jardiniere" (the beautiful gardener), because the Madonna is seated in a lovely garden of flowers with the little child Jesus leaning against her knee. Altogether, Raphael painted about thirty-five pictures during these three years in Florence.

At that time the Holy Father was Julius II, a great lover of arts, who had called around him many of the most noted artists of the day to decorate and beautify Rome. Among these were Michael Angelo and several others, all of whom were middle-aged men at the height of their fame. But Raphael although so much younger was already known and admired all over Italy, and Pope Julius sent for him to decorate some great halls in the Vatican. This order was so pressing that the young painter left his work at Florence and immediately started on his gigantic task. He drew his plans for his great work in a very short time and the Holy Father was charmed with them, as well he might be, for they showed not only the artist's marvellous

skill in drawing but his deep learning and brilliant imagination. While executing these wonderful frescoes on the walls and ceilings of the first great hall, Raphael also painted many pictures for a rich banker named Chigi, and two years later he started on the second great hall in the Vatican.

By this time Raphael was at the height of his prosperity. He had become wealthy and built himself a fine home, where he devoted part of his time to his friends and his numerous pupils. Among the former were nearly all the noted men of Italy, the great architect Bramante, the artists Leonardo da Vinci, Francia and Fra Bartolomeo, the poets Ariosto and Sanazzaro and many great dignitaries of the Church. As to his pupils, who came to him from all parts of Italy, they almost worshipped him and attended on him constantly with love and reverence, indeed it was said he was never seen without a little group of them around him. He not only taught them painting but, thanks to his piety and sweet temper, he had such influence over them that they all lived in perfect harmony together and there were no quarrels or jealousies among them.

The remaining ten years of Raphael's short life were very fruitful ones in every way, and when one sees the enormous amount of work he got through, one wonders how he could possibly have done it in so short a time. And yet, all he undertook was done with the greatest finish and care, his very slightest designs and sketches are perfect in their way. One day when a friend was exclaiming on the trouble he was taking over what seemed a trifling detail, he answered: "From my earliest childhood I have made it a principle never to neglect anything."

Very generous and grateful for the appreciation shown him he often gave away pictures and sketches. Among his patrons was Francis I, king of France, for whom he painted his magnificent St. Michael. The king was perfectly delighted on receiving it, and sent him such a large sum of money that Raphael felt himself overpaid, and gave the king an exquisite Holy Family, which is now one of the most highly prized treasures in the Louvre Gallery.

Although he painted many portraits and historical or other profane subjects, most of Raphael's pictures are religious ones and his favorite subject was the Madonna and Child of which he left hundreds, all more beautiful one than another. It is little wonder that he excelled in these, for he was all his life a very devout man, and he worked at his Madonnas with deep love and reverence, for he had a special devotion to Our Blessed Mother and also to the Blessed Eucharist, being a fervent member of a Blessed Sacrament confraternity.

Raphael was always eager to be helpful and friendly to his fellow artists, and perhaps the only man who was ever jealous of him was Michael Angelo, whose pride could not bear the thought of being equalled by the young painter. So far from resenting this, or returning his dislike, Raphael always bowed to the genius of his great rival and never lost a chance of expressing his admiration for him. He even thanked God that he had been born during his lifetime and had the happiness of being able to see his works and learn much from them.

But this did not pacify Michael Angelo, and at last all Rome was taking part for one or the other, Raphael's partisans being far the most numerous. Michael Angelo scorned to be considered his rival and suggested Sebastian del Piombo, a far inferior artist as Raphael's equal. At last, to settle the matter, a great Cardinal, who afterwards became Pope, ordered a picture of the Transfiguration from Raphael and one on another religious subject from Sebastiano del Piombo. Michael Angelo, who knew how inferior Sebastian was in the way of drawing, himself made the sketch for the picture, and is said to have also painted the principal figure. So far from being angry at this, which most people would have declared a very unfair thing, Raphael said with a smile that he was indeed favored by Michael Angelo who deigned to compete with him after all.

Raphael's Transfiguration was his masterpiece and it ranks as the finest and most perfect picture in the world. But alas! the great artist did not live to finish it entirely himself. While talking to the Holy Father in one of the great halls of the Vatican, he caught a severe chill and soon all Rome, including the Holy Father, was in the deepest anxiety about him. His illness only lasted eight days, and after receiving the last Sacraments with great devotion, he passed peacefully and happily away on Good Friday, his birthday, leaving behind him the memory of a great and good man, as well as that of the greatest artist that ever lived.

His whole country, indeed the whole civilized world, mourned for him, and as for his friends and pupils, their grief was inconsolable. His funeral was attended by crowds of grieving citizens of all ranks, and his last beautiful picture of the Transfiguration was carried after his coffin.

We can none of us hope to attain to the genius of Raphael, few of us have been gifted with his sweetness of temper or charm of manner, but we can strive to imitate his deep piety, his strong sense of honor, his earnest painstaking work, and kindly feeling towards all men, and we can endeavor to carry out his lifelong motto: "Never to neglect anything."

EXCHANGE SMILES

"Is water a good conductor of heat?" asked the teacher of the science class.

"No," replied Margarite, "it's an extinguisher."

The Geography class was reciting: "What do you know about the Carribeans, Frank?"

"Hoe and water them the same as any other beans," replied the gardener's young hopeful.

"Now, Thomas," said the professor, "give me an example of a 'paradox.'"

"I have one," replied the student, "a man walking a mile but moving only two feet."

"What are synonyms, Paul?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, yes," replied the little fellow after some hesitation, "they're what mother puts in the apple sauce."

"Yes, Johnny," said the nurse, "the doctor brought you twin brothers."

"Gee!" exclaimed the lad, "that's what we get for having a specialist."

Father Sylvester's interesting "Little Bronzed Angel," which is printed at St. Paul's Indian Mission School, Marty, S. D., publishes the following argument that took place between two little Indian girls:

"I'm an Indian, but you ain't no Indian," boasted number one.

"I am too! I am lots Indian," replied the one attacked.

"How much Indian blood you got?" demanded number one.

"I don't know," was the modest reply, "but my papa he got three gallons."

Kweery Korner

(Continued from page 462)

In case of necessity, could one baptize with milk?—Wien, Mo.

No. Natural water in any form must be used. Therefore, ocean, sea, lake, river, well, spring, or rain water, melted ice or snow, etc., must be used if Baptism is to be validly administered.

When was the last general council held in the Catholic Church?—Chase, Kans.

The Council of the Vatican began in Rome in the year 1869 and is still considered incomplete, that is, its sessions have been suspended up to the present time. So far in this Council the doctrine of papal infallibility has been declared and modern infidelity condemned. There is a strong indication that this Council will soon resume its sessions.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 464)

that wonderful? Why not enlist all the children in the gathering of silver foil? So much of it goes to waste, when it might help the missions! Mrs. Duffy of Brooklyn, N. Y., sent holy pictures and medals, and we thank her and all those who have so kindly sent in packages. May God bless them!

EMBROIDERY WORK

We have just received a large box of handwork done by the Indian kiddies of St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D., and here is the list: Buffet set of 1 large and 2 small doilies, 50¢; embroidered tray cloth, lace-edged, 50¢; 1 large square doily, 50¢; embroidered rompers of white Indian head, (for child of 2½ or 3 years)

\$1.00; embroidered knife, fork, and spoon cases, lined with white cotton flannel, \$1.00 each; long infant coat of fine white serge, featherstitched in pale blue, \$3.00; 2 embroidered scarfs at \$1.00 each; 4 larger embroidered scarfs at \$2.00 each; embroidered laundry bag, in pink, 75¢; emb. luncheon cloth with four napkins, light-blue and lace-edged, \$3.00; square, embroidered cushion top, backed and edged with fringe, \$1.00; 1 pair handsome crocheted garters (in yellow, crocheted with tiny beads), \$1.00. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

Abbey and Seminary

—Mild weather with considerable rain prevailed from Christmas to mid-January, when a cold wave lowered the temperature and brought a flurry of snow. High water and great floods submerged southern and western Indiana with much damage to property. Jan. 18 greeted us with several inches of snow and a temperature of ten below zero.

—After an extended holiday vacation the students returned on Jan. 13 to take up the work which had been interrupted by the holidays and to prepare for the mid-year examinations. Owing to the prevalence of spinal meningitis at Indianapolis, whence a large number of our students come, it was deemed advisable to prolong the vacation a week.

—The annual pilgrimage to Monte Cassino had to be postponed from January 13 to 15. A twofold pilgrimage took place, as has been the case for some years past. The first service was for the Major Seminary, then followed the students of the Minor Seminary. In each instance assisted High Mass was celebrated by the respective rectors. The little chapel is too small to contain the students of even one of these departments.

—Rev. Valentine (Joseph) Leitsch, C. P., who spent several years at St. Meinrad College in preparation for the priesthood, but who later joined the Passionists, was ordained on Dec. 22 at Des Moines, Ia. F. Valentine celebrated his first Solemn Mass in the chapel of St. Joseph Orphanage, Louisville, Ky., on Dec. 22. After the death of his mother, when he was a small boy, F. Valentine made his home at the orphanage.

—Rev. Bonaventure M. (George) Paulukas, O. P., '09-'15, is doing postgraduate work in the Collegio Pontificio Internazionale "Angelico" at Rome.

—Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Lillis, class of '85, Bishop of Kansas City, celebrated his silver jubilee as Bishop on Dec. 27. On this memorable occasion our distinguished alumnus broke ground for St. John's Junior Seminary, which will foster vocations to the priesthood among the boys and young men of the diocese and impart to them the first years of their training for the ecclesiastical state.

—An added dignity was conferred upon Rt. Rev. Mgr. Albert Petrasch, V. G., class of '89, when he was elevated to the rank of Apostolic Protonotary at the Cathedral in Lincoln on Jan. 1 of the present year. Monsignor Petrasch is Vicar General of the diocese.

Thanksgiving

Thanks are hereby rendered to our Lady of Lourdes and to the Little Flower of Jesus for three great favors recently granted.—S. M. T., O. S. B.

Book Notices

The Queen's Work Press, (1115 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis), has sent us three pamphlets from the pen of Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J., which deserve wide circulation and should have a place in the bookrack: The first is *Don't Say It*, the purpose of which is to show what harm gossip, i. e., slander and detraction, will do our neighbor. The second, *Fashionable Sin*, contains an earnest instruction on sin, which our modern pagans wish to wipe out. In *Prodigals and Christ* the Rev. Author portrays God's forgiveness and mercy. When *Mary Walked the Earth* is another pamphlet by the same author. Very little is recorded in the Gospel concerning Mary, the Mother of Christ. In this pamphlet the author tells some legends that may have happened, and likely did happen, in the life of Our Blessed Lady. They will delight the reader.

A. B.

From Benziger Brothers—New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco:

Father Finn, S. J.—The Story of his Life Told by Himself, (228 pages. Price, net, \$2.50) is a narrative of Father Finn's life. He tells his life story in so fascinating a manner that one can scarcely lay the volume down before he has finished it. Friends of Father Finn will welcome this autobiography. Religious priests, especially teachers, will find practical lessons for themselves.

A. B.

A second, revised edition of *General Confession Made Easy*, by Rev. A. Konings, C. Ss. R., (25¢), is a well-known booklet that shows when a general confession is necessary and explains the easiest means of examining the conscience therefor.

A. B.

An appropriate gift for priests, seminarians, religious, and the faithful in general, is Father Lasance's latest book: *Come Holy Spirit*, which contains meditations, novenas, and prayers in honor of the Holy Ghost, together with Mass and Communion devotions.—The devotion to the Holy Ghost, our Sanctifier, is too easily overlooked. To help in forming a habit for the fostering of devotion to the Holy Spirit this latest book of the well-known author will be found of great assistance. It is likewise a well-arranged prayer book for the use of the faithful.

A. B.

A welcome addition to pedagogical works is *You and Your Children*, by Rev. Paul Hanly Turfey, Ph. D., instructor in sociology in the Catholic University of America. Dr. Turfey, who is an authority on child welfare, has written this volume for Catholic parents, priests, and educators. While he has gathered a wealth of material, which is easily understood, he is careful to avoid the confusion that would arise from too much technical terminology. Priests and teachers will gain therefrom much information for their work among the little ones. (Price, net, \$1.50.)

A. B.

A story for girls is Mary Dodge TenEyck's *Daughters of the Manor* (net, \$1.25). The story pictures the life of a convent school. The Sisters are shown in their true light as kind mothers to the girls under their care who can understand the pranks of jolly girls. Those who go away from home to continue their studies will find that the Catholic boarding school is not a prison—a place devoid of joy and fun.

A. B.

God the Redeemer, by Charles G. Herzog, S. J., is the third of an interesting series of textbooks for professors and students in colleges. The book is also well adapted for private reading. Its instructions on religion will enable one to meet modern objections that are raised against Catholic doctrine. The meaning is clear; the language, simple; objections are answered and the theses proved in a convincing manner. The priest will find much help therein for giving instructions and for preparing sermons. (Price, net, \$3.00.)

A. B.

A Course in Religion for Catholic High Schools and Academies, Part V, by Rev. John Laux, M. A., (96¢.

net), is a history of the ancient Church from the beginning to 590. This is a well-arranged history that will acquaint the child with the story of the origin of the Church, its progress amid the attacks of its enemies. Although not bulky, it nevertheless imparts information in a clear, succinct style.

A. B.

The Grail Building Fund

(Continued from page 434)

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER XX—THE PLOT THICKENS

THE winter weeks passed slowly on. Lucilla attended some of the affairs of her set, but more often she spent the evenings in her studio. Whenever she did go anywhere, it was alone, or with friends; never with Ted. He always had some excuse to offer.

"Tell Morton or someone to take you," he would say. Morton Leacock was a sort of universal Beau Brummel, willing to take unescorted ladies wherever necessary, ready to fill in at a dinner or bridge at a moment's notice—a sort of unattached, wholly obliging "handy man." Ted nearly always "had a business meeting" or had to "entertain a buyer," or some other such convenient excuse. Either he would go out first himself, or he would wait until she had gone, then get out one of the cars and go somewhere on his own account.

Lucilla had ceased worrying about it; she had succeeded in getting him "off her apron strings," and though she found it was not exactly as pleasant as she thought it would be, she was forced to be satisfied. It was the normal life of most of her crowd; husbands and wives usually did as they pleased without interference from their mates. Ted no longer objected to her keeping the studio, but, too, he had ceased all show of affection. Outside of that, their daily intercourse had not changed. He left her severely to her own affairs, and resented any intrusion on his own. The subject of her writing was never brought up between them, and she learned never to ask where he spent his time.

So she buried herself in her literary work, and tried to ignore the little voice of regret that sometimes struck an uneasy note in her mind and heart. Thelma continued to see her chauffeur friend, and Lucilla continued to be her confidante. One morning she came over to the studio bursting with news.

"We were out at Whiteedge again last night; it was early, and we had chosen one of the stalls—you know them, with screens before them, so one can talk in private. Well, there was no one in the place yet, and the proprietor's two little girls came running out of the kitchen, running and playing about the tables. They came and peeped into our stall too, and Terry called them in, and do you know, I never saw a man so daft about children! He took one on each knee and played horse, and told them stories and gave them pennies, until their mother came looking for them. She

scolded them for coming into the dining room—a few couples were arriving, but Terry begged her not to punish them. He called them 'cunning little tykes,' and when they were gone, he sighed, oh, so sadly, and pushed back the wavy brown hair from his beautiful forehead, and, oh Cil, I just burned to go over and mother him!" Lucilla smiled and shook her head.

"You surely have a bad case, Thel. But why should he sigh?"

"Oh, he hasn't had a very good life, and—" Thelma hesitated and dropped her eyes, pondering whether to go on or not.

"And what?" inquired Lucilla.

"But that wasn't what I started out to tell you. Guess who was out in the dining room?"

"Morton, perhaps?"

"Exactly! How did you guess it? He was with Annette Paul, and they were but two tables away from us! You see, with the screen before the stall, we couldn't see anyone, until we decided to dance. Then Terry moved the screen to go out to the dance floor, and—suddenly sat down again, putting it back into place. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Mr. Leacock's out there,' he answered. And so we were bottled up all evening in the stall, only peeping out through a crack and watching the people. Imagine! But I didn't care; I'd just as lief sit and talk with Terry all night as do anything else."

"I don't doubt it. But why should Terry care about Morton? He has a right to take you out if he wants to, hasn't he?"

"Well, naturally, it would be embarrassing, to say the least—after taking me out himself, to have his chauffeur cut him out, you see."

"Yes, I suppose it would. But I heard a rumor the other night—I don't know whether I ought to tell you—that Morton had discharged Terry. I don't know how true it is."

"He hasn't said anything about it. It can't be true; he always comes for me with Morton's coach—it's the same car every time." Lucilla shrugged.

"People make up a lot of things. It isn't the best policy to believe everything right off."

"No; you're right about that. Well, I won't ask him; if he wants to tell me, he'll do so in his own good time."

"But you forgot to tell me how you got out of the place," reminded Lucilla.

"Well, we sat there until eleven, and as Mort and

Anette didn't seem to be in the least tired of dancing and eating, we waited our chance. When the two of them were dancing at the far end of the room, we made our get-away. The floor was pretty packed. You couldn't see across the room."

"Mort might have objected to having Terry use his car, too," commented Lucilla, thoughtfully.

"That's right; I never thought of that. There goes my phone!" And she leaped up and ran to her room with alacrity. Lucilla, applying herself at once to her work, paid no attention to her friend's long absence. At last she returned, however, eyes sparkling, cheeks flushed, and a smile upon her lips.

"Well, it must have been interesting," commented Lucilla, without looking up. Thelma drew a deep breath.

"Was it?" And she sat down beside the desk as if she never intended working again. For a long time she sat dreamily watching Lucilla at work, never saying a word.

"He's thirty-two," she presently remarked. "Three years older than myself; does that suit you?"

"That's fine; I think a man ought to be a little older than his wife. Ted's thirty-two too." Then she went on working, and Thelma twisted her ring, studied her friend, then looked at her hands again, as if pondering something in her mind.

"To be his wife"—mused Thelma dreamily—"Cil, I am almost afraid to think ahead."

"Why? Give him time, girl; give him time." Thelma flushed slightly.

"Do you know, sometimes a queer sort of dread comes over me that this is all only a dream; that I will awaken some fine morning only to find that everything has gone up in smoke. Nothing has ever panned out for Thelma in her life; I can't believe it ever will."

"Don't be so pessimistic. Why shouldn't it?"

Thelma was silent again for a time, listening to the swift clicking of the typewriter keys. Then,

"Lu, do you think that a man who is unhappily married should ruin his life by sticking to a woman who does not care for him?" Lucilla looked up at her friend inquiringly. There was no doubt in her mind.

"According to my religion, you stick to him for better or worse."

"Don't you think that a hard, cruel rule?"

"No; break it and you let down the bars of decency; you become promiscuous; you will soon become dissatisfied again and seek to break each new vow you make. Suppose you loved someone very, very much, and he gave up his wife for you; what guarantee would you have that in time he would not grow tired of you and throw you over for someone else? And the little children, if there are any—how do you suppose they feel to have the two dearest ones they possess separate and live apart? Isn't that enough to ruin any little child's life?" Thelma sat like one dumb and stricken; all the joy and sparkle had gone out of her; she nervously rubbed her hands together in her lap, and struggled against a rising, overpowering emotion. Suddenly she burst into tears and threw herself into Lucilla's arms.

"Lu, I can't give him up, I can't!" she sobbed over and over, while Lucilla gently passed her hand over the rich Titian curls. "All my life I've had nothing, no one, and now when it does come, it must come like this!" Lucilla realized her meaning with a shock, but she gave no sign, and left her sob herself out.

"My dear," she gently reminded, "I warned you that first day."

"I know you did, but what are we? Mere leaves being hustled irresistibly down the swollen tide of the river of life. I could no more help myself that I can help breathing."

"But there is no harm done; you can still save yourself." But Thelma shook her head.

"Oh, no, no, I can't! It would kill me!"

"Yes you can; listen Thelma: Two good men wanted you—Freddie, poor stricken soul, and good, kind, solid old Morton. Either of them would have placed you up on a pedestal and been your slave for life."

"Oh, don't mention them to me! Don't even mention those two! I can't bear it! They can't come within ten miles of Terry. Freddie's a freak and an impossible clown, and Morton's a luxurious old fat head. Could you imagine yourself loving either of them?"

"Why not? If a man is very, very good to you, you will soon find many points in him to respect and honor."

"Respect, Cil! But what a poor substitute for love that is. I cannot go on half-way measures; once I meet my man, I am his forever, come what may!" Lucilla shook her head.

"But honor and respect will turn to love; knowing you are doing right ought to bring you happiness in itself, and if it doesn't, then why not make someone else happy?"

"Cil, you talk like a parson. You fly too high for me; I'm not that ethereal. I cannot help it if I am a grossly selfish and material person." Lucilla realized that in order to bring Thelma to her senses, she must hurt her, so she straightened up and turned to her typewriter.

"And meanwhile," she said, ominously, "no doubt you will enjoy being co-respondent, and being dragged through the courts, and having your picture in the papers with Terry's and—" Thelma gave a dry scream and held her hand over Lucilla's lips.

"Don't, don't hurt me any more, Lu. I'm on the rack now. I shrink from it all as from hot pincers, but—oh, my God, even for that I cannot give him up! I'd walk through fire and have my flesh cut off in little bits for him; and—oh, God help me!" With which words, she fled from the room.

CHAPTER XXI—WHISPERINGS

A month passed, and Lucilla found herself wondering one morning about the peculiar new attitude her closest friends seemed to be taking toward her. She had noticed more than once, on coming into a room, that people suddenly ceased talking and strove to appear casual, though they had the unmistakable air of being caught unawares in something. She pondered and studied over it, but could find no satisfactory solu-

tion. Could it be that they criticized her chosen vocation, and had noticed the change in her husband? But no; that would hardly be sufficient to arouse comment of any kind, since, in her crowd, husbands and wives did pretty much as they pleased, went around together or alone if they chose, and they had often bantered her on the long duration of Ted's loverlike attitude toward her. Now that he had, in their eyes, become normal, would be no occasion for discussion among them. No; it was something else. She dismissed the idea that it might be her preference for disreputable Carroll Street, or her association with the denizens thereof. Society was very lenient—nay, enthusiastic, over all things Bohemian, and because she chose to—what could it be anyway? She cudged her brain as she remembered two women, several nights before, with heads bent together, suddenly straighten out and cease talking immediately she came in sight.

At last she gave it up and laid it at the door of self-consciousness. She had caught herself, once or twice, on the lookout for adverse criticism of her book; perhaps she imagined a great many things, she told herself.

She and Ted were invited down to Mrs. Aldyne's for a week-end house party at the latter's villa—Lakesend, situated on the narrow end of Venise Lake out in the country. Ted demurred, saying he had too much important business in town to dawdle away time at a house party, so Lucilla went alone. There was a round of balls, parties, and unique entertainments. But on Saturday afternoon Mrs. Aldyne prevailed upon Ted over phone to motor out. He remained until seven of the evening, when he sought out his hostess and told her it would be impossible for him to remain.

"Oh, why is it you always have so much important business these days?" she cried, reproachfully. "One doesn't see you at any of our affairs any more. All work and no play, you know; you're getting thin, did you know it?" Ted laughed restlessly.

"Am I? I hadn't noticed." He was anxious to get away.

"Surely you'll stay to dinner at least? Dinner is at eight." Ted consulted his wrist.

"Mm—afraid I can't. Have to meet a party at eight-thirty, and it takes at least an hour and a half to motor in, you know." Mrs. Aldyne's face fell.

"Well, that's too bad. I'll order you something right away, then."

"No, no; I can't wait to eat. I'm dining in town." "Well, I'm surely sorry; Cilla won't like it a bit, I know."

"Oh, she won't even miss me. Mort here will see to that, won't you, old top?" The eyes of the two men met, and Morton put in his eyeglass before he answered.

"Ahem—yes, oh yes, I'll see that she wants for nothing while you are at—ahem—business." He raised his eyebrows meaningly at Ted, and though he smiled banteringly, he meant it differently. Ted dropped his eyes and turned away.

"Thank you; I'll be moving along then." And he hurried away so as to preclude any more veiled remarks. Morton and Mrs. Aldyne exchanged glances.

"I think it's a shame," she said indignantly to Mr. Leacock after Ted had gone. "They used to be the most devoted couple I knew!" Morton cleared his throat.

(To be continued)

Things to know about Children's Food

If the children are under-weight, something is lacking in their diet, or they do not eat everything that is provided for them. Cook their foods all in milk, or get them to drink a glass or two more than has been their custom, fixing up the drink with delightful variations, i. e., with beaten egg, sugar and vanilla, or sugar and any fruit flavor, or cocoa made entirely with milk, etc. If they dislike ordinary milk, there are various malted milks on the market which might meet with their favor. Fresh fruit of some kind must be eaten every day. Everyone is better off for hot meals especially in the winter, than cold luncheons thrown together from odds and ends, or sausage, because the housemother has too many social engagements to bother with cooking. Surely every little child's well-being is vastly more important than all the social engagements in the world. And, oh, pity the poor little children who are sent off to school with twenty cents or a half dollar, with which they purchase candy, ice-cream sodas, cream puffs, or other unhealthful concoctions for their dinner, just because mother is seldom at home to attend to their wants! Just watch the drugstore or delicatessen near a school at noon, and then wonder why we have so many sickly grown people in the world to-day!

Vary your vegetables every day, and often have raw ones, especially cabbage, which is so rich in vitamins! Finely shredded cabbage with mayonnaise or French dressing is a rich, nourishing combination. Corn cakes and corn bread provide heat for the body in winter and prevent colds! Tomato soup plain, or combined with cream or milk, makes strongly developed children; give it them very often. Celery and spinach are full of iron, and lettuce provides the leaf vegetables which was soaked in the sunlight in warm southern lands during the winter. Leaf vegetables are said to be better than roots, because of the sunlight which is in them. If children refuse to eat at meals, or eat poorly, give but little between meals, and little or no candy.

Renovating Walls and Ceilings

If your walls and ceilings are beginning to look shabby from repeated paperings and plastering up of cracks and patchings, there is a way to renew these walls and ceilings so they will look like new. That is, in the new rough-texture plaster, which may be put on over new or old walls, and the best part of it is, that one can do the work himself, and vary the design and color in each room, according to his own fancy. There are various qualities of this plaster, (which is bought in powder form and mixed with water) some more expensive, some cheaper. One must shop around awhile, and see the finished work of various brands, testing each to find out which is hardest. There are some cheap brands

which dry as hard as a rock, and others, again, may be easily chipped off with the finger nail when dry. This latter kind is the kind to be avoided, as it will not last.

After selecting the plaster suitable for your needs, study carefully the rules for applying. Most of them are handled in the same way—that is, beginning with walls perfectly free of all paper, sizing, applying plaster, sandpapering when dry, and coloring. The size should be allowed to dry a day in warm weather—two days in damp weather. The plaster is then applied either with a trowel or wide whitewash brush, (the whitewash brush works best with amateurs) putting on a thick coat (at least $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch). Then take an ordinary whisk broom, scrub brush, or heavy paint brush, dip in plaster, and begin stippling. That is, you make any sort of design you please by simply dappling the brush on the wall a certain way, and continuing in the same manner all over the wall. The color is mixed in a medium called "glaze," which, when dry, is waterproof, and permits washing. Colors must be purchased "ground in oil," then thinned, a little at a time, in turpentine, and stirred, very, very thoroughly, into the glaze, which is milk-white, and thick, like heavy buttermilk. This must be thinned down with turpentine or distilled water. After applying the colored glaze, it should be partly wiped off the wall with a rubber "squeegee," (an instrument used by window washers to scrape water off the glass). This brings out the high lights, and leaves the color in the crevices, making a very beautiful finished effect. The colors may be twofold on one wall, as, for instance, golden ochre or burnt sienna in combination with patches of pale green, gray with patches of pink, etc. Stencil designs of ships, shields, and leaf motifs may be purchased in the stores also, forming a sort of bas-relief effect, which may be colored by those skilful with the brush. Pretty effects may be made with an ordinary comb, also, and the "California sea-weed" effect may be obtained by running a whisk broom from top to bottom of the wall in a slightly wavy motion.

Salmon as a Health Food

Housewives should use more salmon, recommends the United States Bureau of Fisheries. It contains more tissue-building material, weight for weight, than ham, chicken, lamb, sirloin steak, or eggs. It is as digestible as the best of meats, has a high protein content, and there is no waste; nothing has to be thrown away but the can. One pound of fresh salmon will furnish 18% of the energy a man needs daily, 69% of the protein, 10% of the calcium, 57% of the phosphorous, and 10% of the iron. As the bones are softened in processing and rendered suitable for consumption, this increases the mineral content.

Goiter is very common in many parts of the United States, affecting, in some instances, over 50% of the population. Iodine, or foods rich in iodine, have been found very efficient in combating this disease, and goiter seldom occurs in those sections in which the food and water contain relatively large amounts of iodine. Sea foods are rich in this essential element because

soluble iodine salts have been washed from the land into the ocean for perhaps millions of years. Salmon contains more than ten times as much iodine as meat, milk, eggs, cheese, fresh-water fish, or most of the fruits and vegetables.

Salmon spawn in fresh water, and then work their way out to sea where there is an abundant food supply. In their second year they return to the stream where they were hatched, there to lay eggs for a new generation. It is in this second year, when the fish are full grown and fat, having provided for their successors, that most of them are taken for canning purposes. The United States Government is very strict about the size and weight of fish that may be caught. If they are underweight, they are thrown back, to give them a chance to grow to full size, that they may propagate their species. Vast quantities are canned during the brief season of the runs, and nothing is added except salt for seasoning. They are processed, and come to us intact, rich in food value.

Household Hints

Stick sulphur matches head down into the soil of house plants, if they seem to be eaten by worms. Put about four to a medium sized pot.

Use the water in which vegetables have been boiled to make the gravy for the roast, and never throw away any left-over gravy. Strain and save for the next day's meat. Pour into pot with the meat and you have added flavor.

A beaten egg in beef broth gives added nutrition.

Grease new iron cooking pots and blue sheet iron bake pans and place in the oven until very hot; then wash with soap and water. This fits them for use and takes off the chemical coating.

Pastry brushes may be bought for 10¢; use them to grease bake pans with melted butter or lard, and also to spread egg or milk over cake or biscuits. Wash out well and dry carefully before putting away.

Recipes

SOUR MILK GRAHAM BREAD: Two cups graham flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wheat flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons melted lard, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, mixed in the order named. (If you have no sour milk, put on stove and add 1 teaspoon vinegar and it will curdle at once.) Bake about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour.

FRUIT COCKTAIL: For six people, take three large grapefruits, cut in half with sharp knife, and carefully remove pulp without injuring shells. Notch shells and drop in cold water until needed. Remove skin and seeds from pulp, cut up into half-inch pieces and add 1 cup diced pineapple, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup candied cherries halved, and two halves of firm canned peaches, diced. Sugar to taste and mix carefully. Then fill shells and pour over each a tablespoonful of spiced syrup. (Take 2 cups ordinary syrup and boil 2 minutes with 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves, and ginger. Then cool.)

Raphael Sanzio

HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

BESIDES being one of the greatest, if not the very greatest artist that ever lived, Raphael was very pious and seems to have been gifted with every charm and quality. He was born at Urbino in Italy in 1483. His father, Giovanni Sanzio or Santi, as he is sometimes called, was an educated, refined man of high birth and considerable talent as an artist. His fame, however, was entirely eclipsed by that of his wonderful son whose genius he had been the first to discover. In his own day, Giovanni Sanzio was a very noted and prosperous artist. He married young and was very happy with his beautiful wife *Magia*. They had four children, but little Raphael was the only one to survive, and his parents fairly lavished their love and care upon him. From the first his father insisted that nothing should be spared which might make the little one strong as well as good, and as he grew older he carefully shielded him from anything that could lead him into evil habits.

The child was a very beautiful, winning boy, whom no one could help noticing and loving, and he grew up to be a very dear and highly educated man in other things besides his art. His greatest charms, however, were his sweet, kindly temper, his polished manners, his constant piety, and his earnest and praiseworthy life. It is strange that, whereas most artists are known by their family name, Raphael is always called by his baptismal one, perhaps because the name of the great archangel seemed to suit his gifted nature so well.

The city of Urbino, where he was born, is a very beautiful one, standing on a bold cliff overhanging a river and surrounded by the sharp peaks of the Apennines. A distant view of the Adriatic sea gives a final touch to the grandeur of the scenery. Now it is but a sleepy, half ruined old city of about eight thousand inhabitants but in the time of Raphael it was called the Italian Athens and was a center of learning, religion, chivalry, and art. The house where the great artist was born has been reverently preserved and stands on a steep hillside, up which pack mules still clamber over rough stone steps. Among its other treasures is a picture by Giovanni Sanzio, made doubly interesting by the fact that the face of the Madonna is the portrait of his beloved wife *Magia* and that of the Infant Jesus represents the baby Raphael.

The beautiful young mother died in 1491, when her little son was only eight years old, and we can easily imagine how the loving and sensitive child must have mourned for her. His father was too busy with his work to be con-

stantly with him and, feeling that the boy needed a woman's care, he soon married again. Raphael's stepmother, though a strong-minded woman, seems to have been very kind to the little fellow and both she and his father continued to watch carefully over his education. He was all his life a thorough and painstaking worker, and he spent much of his spare time in his father's studio, even as a little child. As he grew older, he showed such wonderful talent that Giovanni Sanzio soon taught him all he knew himself and it is said that the little boy helped him paint some of his pictures and frescoes. What a charming scene it must have been to see the earnest little fellow working at the great religious pictures beside his proud and loving father. After a time Giovanni felt he must place his gifted son under the care of the most famous artists and teachers. A very noted one, called Perugino, was living at Perugia, another beautiful Italian city, and Raphael's father journeyed there to talk matters over with him, but unfortunately the great artist was away from home and Giovanni Sanzio died before any arrangement had been completed. Raphael's stepmother and uncles, however, soon carried out his dead father's wishes and the boy, who was then but twelve years old, was sent to study under Perugino in 1495. It is said that after having seen the child's work the great artist cried, "Yes, give him to me. After having been my pupil awhile he will soon become my master."

Raphael remained with Perugino until he was twenty and helped him very much with his paintings. There are a few pictures of his very own, known to have been painted by the boy between his sixteenth and twentieth year, and they are very interesting as they already show signs of his personal genius, though they have naturally a great likeness to the work of his master. Nothing is more noticeable about Raphael, than his continual progress and eager desire to improve, even after he had become one of the most famous painters of his day. A celebrated picture of his, "the marriage of Our Lady and St. Joseph," painted while studying under Perugino, is now in the gallery of Milan.

Soon after having finished it, Raphael went to Florence for the first time, taking with him a letter of introduction from the Duchess of Sora, who recommended him most highly as "a discreet and amiable youth" in whom she was much interested for his own sake as well as his father's. Indeed, through his whole life, Raphael won all hearts by his personal charm. He was of middle stature, slight, and well made, with a beautiful, pensive, intellectual face. In all the portraits we have of him, both as child

(Continued on page 468)



Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



Dr. H. "We are going to talk about the effects of alcohol on the system—"

Mr. R. "I don't think I will stay for this lesson. The wife can stay and I will go down to the barber shop."

Dr. H. "You may not find it so congenial there either, Mr. Rackham."

Mr. R. "I won't. What with women sitting around to have their hair bobbed or the back of their necks shaved. There is not a place where a man can go and have a talk or a smoke or anything, any more."

Dr. H. "It's a hard world, Mr. Rackham, but why don't you men have a barber shop of your own and put your barber on a salary, and why don't you have a club, something like the old bar, but with the whiskey left out?"

Mr. R. "Well, if that isn't like a woman. A bar with the whiskey left out! And what would we be going to the place at all for then?"

Dr. H. "You could sit around and visit and smoke and drink tea or coffee."

Mr. R. "Tea! And how long would we be drinking tea until some of the women's clubs would be trying to close that up on us too?"

Dr. H. "You are quite a pessimist. However, we must get on with our subject, the action of alcohol. Alcohol is usually looked on as a stimulant."

Mr. R. "And who ever thought of it bein' anything else? I have seen people so tired that they were hardly able to walk and after a few glasses of good whiskey or brandy they were running about like mad and laughing and talking to beat the band."

Dr. H. "Mr. Rackham seems to be able to give us a very vivid picture of the effects of alcohol. I do not in the least disagree with him, but I am afraid he will not like it when we come to the reason of these antics after a few glasses of good whiskey."

"The first action of alcohol is to relax the tension of the whole nervous system. This is shown best in the dilation of the blood vessels near the surface of the body. This action gives a feeling of warmth, from the greater supply of blood to the skin, accompanied by flushing and slight moisture, and a feeling of general well-being because the dilation of the blood vessels has relieved the heart of some of its labor."

Mr. R. "That's what I know very well. There is a feeling of well-being. I never thought of that word, but that's what it is."

Dr. H. "If the drinking is continued, the first relaxation deepens. This relaxation is the beginning of what we may call 'alcoholic paralysis,' and is not different from ordinary paralysis, except that it is temporary and disappears as the effect of the drug wears off. This paralysis attacks the higher centres of the brain first. Such centres as reason, and judgment, and prudence, but the centres of motion are not yet affected. At this stage we have the drinker acting like a child running and playing and talking in-

cessantly, falling over slight obstacles, and rising and falling down again as a child might do. This similarity of action is very simply explained. The centres of motion are early developed in the child, but the centres of reason, and all the higher centres in the brain not until much later. It is at this stage that the mistake is made of thinking the victim of alcohol is stimulated, while, as a matter of fact, his condition is the result of his reason and judgment being paralyzed. In effect he is doing what your windmill does when the governor is off.

"It is not infrequent for men under the influence of alcohol in the first stage of paralysis to think they have made a great speech while in reality it only seemed great to them because the guardians of their common sense as reason, prudence, and even shame were off duty. It is unnecessary to say that no great address, such as the Gettysburg speech was ever delivered under the influence of alcohol. After a few more doses of alcohol the paralysis becomes deeper even the centres of motion are affected, the whole body becomes limp. Speech is difficult and later fails altogether, the eyes become fixed, and a condition resembling sleep supervenes. The soft palate, too, is paralyzed, causing snoring. The patient may waken from this condition, showing all the symptoms of acute poisoning, with intense headache, or the coma may deepen, the breathing become shallower, the heart beats are rapid and weak, and the patient may pass from coma into death."

Mr. R. "I'm going down to the barber shop."

Children's Corner

(Continued from page 468)

Dear Aunt Agnes:

....A great number of girls and boys wrote to me and some of them have grown to be very good pen friends and write very interesting letters. Only one or two have stopped writing to me and I regret this very much.

I am studying the art of interior decorating and hope to be very successful in my chosen career in the future. My brother intends to study architecture as soon as he graduates from high school. We are planning to go into business together when he finishes his studies. We spend many pleasant evenings, Aunt Agnes, planning different ways and means of reaching our ambitions.

I am sure that all the Cornerites realize the great benefit that they derive from your department.—Yours sincerely, Veronica Bednarek, 445 E. 80th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I would like very much to join your Corner, and I hope my letter misses the waste paper basket.

I am fifteen years of age and I am in the Freshman Year in High School. I am going to the Special School of Lucca, North Dakota.

Yours Sincerely, Birdie Johnson, Box 45, Lucca, N. Dak.



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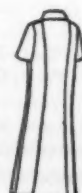
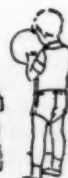
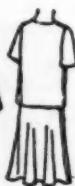
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THE THREE BEARS

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2641



2640

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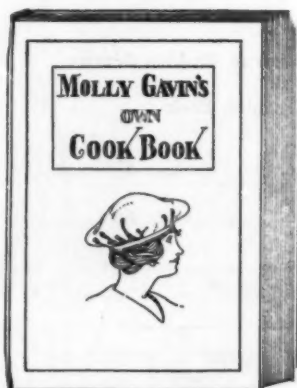
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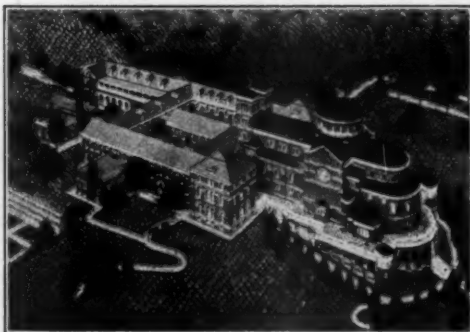
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Brother Francis is a favorite Saint of the children. That man who talked to the birds, who made the wolf his friend, that man who in his youth turned from life of adventure and excitement to live in utmost simplicity, will never fail to hold the growing boy. He lived as a child might dream of living, or play at living, and a child understands his sympathy for flowers, birds, animals and his essential friendliness. Michael Williams has written to reach these young people and also their parents.

THE HIGH ROMANCE, by Michael Williams.

The spiritual autobiography of a journalist who though baptized a Catholic gave up the practice of his religion while still a boy, lost his Faith, and after twenty years of wandering among nearly all the "isms," was led back to the Church. His entry into newspaper work, his brave fight against disease, his spiritual conversion—all these are described in chapters which interest and completely charm the reader. The account of his conversion to Catholicism is one of the finest gems of modern spirituality.

THE WHITE SISTER, by F. Marion Crawford.

Marion Crawford is better known to Catholic readers than any other novelist. He has written over 40 volumes, of which "The White Sister" is probably the most popular. This book has gone through 19 editions, and in 1922 it was filmed and shown in most of the movie theaters in the Country.

GOLD MUST BE TRIED BY FIRE, by Richard Aumerle Maher.

In this book the author has quite an interesting figure in Daidie Grattan. The story is her story from the day when she revolts at the monotony and drudgery of her existence as a mill hand, through that period when something closely akin to tragedy touches her, to that happier time which sees the fulfillment of her dream. A strong story, firmly grasped, tersely and vigorously told.

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